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LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1902.

The Disentanglers.[1]

IX.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE LADY NOVELIST AND THE VACCINATIONIST.

'MR. FREDERICK WARREN'—so Merton read the card presented to him on a salver of Limoges enamel by the office-boy.

'Show the gentleman in.'

Mr. Warren entered. He was a tall and portly person, with a red face, red whiskers, and a tightly buttoned frock-coat, which more expressed than hid his goodly and prominent proportions. He bowed, and Merton invited him to be seated. It struck Merton as a singular circumstance that his visitor wore on each arm the crimson badge of the newly vaccinated.

Mr. Warren sat down, and, taking a red silk handkerchief out of the crown of his hat, he wiped his countenance. The day was torrid, and Merton hospitably offered an effervescent draught.

'Without the whisky, if you please, sir,' said Mr. Warren, in a provincial accent. He pointed to a blue ribbon in the buttonhole of his coat, indicating that he was conscientiously opposed to the use of alcoholic refreshment in all its forms.

'Two glasses of Apollinaris water,' said Merton to the office-boy, and the innocent fluid was brought, while Merton silently admired his client's arrangement in blue and crimson. When the thirst of that gentleman had been assuaged, he entered upon business thus:

'Sir, I am a man of principle!'

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Merton congratulated him; the age was lax, he said, and principle was needed. He wondered internally what he was going to be asked to subscribe to, or whether his vote only was required.

'Sir, have you been vaccinated?' asked the client earnestly.

'Really,' said Merton, 'I do not quite understand your interest in a matter so purely personal.'

'Personal, sir? Not at all. It is the first of public duties—the debt that every man, woman, and child owes to his or her country. Have you been vaccinated, sir?'

'Why, if you insist on knowing,' said Merton, 'I have, though I do not see——'

'Recently?' asked the visitor.

'Yes, last month; but I cannot conjecture why——'

'Enough, sir,' said Mr. Warren. 'I am a man of principle. Had you not done your duty in this matter by your country, I should have been compelled to seek some other practitioner in your line.'

'I was not aware that my firm had any competitors in our line of business,' said Merton. 'But perhaps you have come here under some misapprehension. There is a firm of family solicitors on the floor above, and next them are the offices of a company interested in a patent explosive. If your affairs, or your political ideas, demand a legal opinion, or an outlet in an explosive which is widely recommended by the Continental Press——'

'For what do you take me, sir?' asked Mr. Warren.

'For a Temperance Anarchist,' Merton would have liked to reply, 'judging by your colours'; but he repressed this retort, and mildly answered, 'Perhaps it would be as much to the purpose to ask, for what do you take *me*?'

'For the representative of Messrs. Gray & Graham, the specialists in matrimonial affairs,' answered the client; and Merton said that he would be happy if Mr. Warren would enter into the details of his business.

'I am the ex-Mayor of Bulcester,' said Mr. Warren, 'and, as I told you, a man of principle. My attachment to the Temperance cause'—and he fingered his blue ribbon—'procured for me the honour of a defeat at the last general election, but endeared me to the consciences of the Nonconformist element in the constituency. Yet, sir, I am at this moment the most unpopular man in

Bulcester; but I shall fight it out—I shall fight it to my latest breath.'

'Is Bulcester, then, such an intemperate constituency? I had understood that the Nonconformist interest was strong there,' said Merton.

'So it is, sir, so it is; but the interest is now bound to the chariot wheels of the truckling Toryism of our time—to the sycophants who basely made vaccination permissive, and paltered with the Conscientious Objector. These badges, sir'—the client pointed to his two crimson decorations—'proclaim that I have been vaccinated on *both* arms, as a testimony to the immortal though, in Bulcester, maligned discovery of the great Jenner. Sir, I am hooted in the public streets of my native town, where Anti-vaccinationism is a frenzy. Mr. Rider Haggard, the author of *Dr. Therne*, has been burned in effigy for his thrilling and manly protest to which I owe my own conversion.'

'Then the conversion is relatively recent?' asked Merton.

'It dates since my reading of that powerful argument, sir; that appeal to reason, which overcame my prejudice, for I was a prominent A. V.'

'*Ave?*' asked Merton.

'A. V., sir—Anti-Vaccinationist. A. C. D. A. too, and always,' he added proudly; but Merton did not think it prudent to ask for further explanations.

'An A. V. I was, an A. V. I am no longer; and I defy popular clamour, accompanied by brickbats, to shake my principles.'

'*Justum et tenacem propositi virum*,' murmured Merton, adding, 'All this is very interesting, but, my dear sir, while I admire the tenacity of your principles, will you permit me to ask, what has vaccination to do with the special business of our firm?'

'Why, sir, I have a family, and my eldest son——'

'Does he decline to be vaccinated?' asked Merton, in a sympathetic voice.

'No, sir, or he would never darken my doorway,' exclaimed this more than Roman father. 'But he is engaged, and I can never give my consent; and if he marries that girl, the firm ceases to be "Warren & *Son*, wax-cloth manufacturers." That's all, sir—that's all.'

Mr. Warren again applied his red handkerchief to his glowing features.

'And what, may I ask, are the grounds of your objection to this engagement? Social inequality?' asked Merton.

'No; the young lady is the daughter of one of our leading ministers, Mr. Truman—author of *The Bishops to the Block*—but principles are concerned.'

'You cannot mean that the young lady is excessively addicted to the—wine cup?' asked Merton gravely. 'In melancholy cases of that kind Mr. Hall Caine, in a romance, has recommended hypnotic treatment, but we do not venture to interfere.'

'You misunderstand me, sir,' replied Mr. Warren frowning. 'The young woman, on principle, as they call it, has never been vaccinated. Like most of our prominent citizens, her father (otherwise an excellent man) objects to what he calls "The Worship of the Calf" on grounds of conscience.'

'Conscience! It is a hard thing to constrain the conscience,' murmured Merton, quoting a remark of Queen Mary to John Knox.

'What is conscience without knowledge, sir?' asked the client, using—without knowing it—the very argument of Mr. Knox to the Queen.

'You have no other objections to the alliance?' asked Merton.

'None whatever, sir. She is a good and good-looking girl. On most important points we are thoroughly agreed. She won a prize essay on Bacon's authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Of course Shakespeare could not have written them—a thoroughly uneducated man, who never could have passed the fourth standard. But look at the plays! There are things in them that, with all our modern advantages, are beyond me. I admit they are beyond me. "To be, and to do, and to suffer,"' declaimed Mr. Warren, apparently under the impression that this is part of Hamlet's soliloquy—'Shakespeare could never have written *that*. Where did *he* learn grammar?'

'Where, indeed?' replied Merton. 'But, as the lady is in all other respects so suitable a match, cannot this one difficulty be got over?'

'Impossible, sir; my son could not slice the sleeve of her dress and inflict this priceless boon on her with affectionate violence. Even the hero of *Dr. Therne* failed there——'

'And rather irritated his pretty Jane,' added Merton, who remembered this heroic adventure. 'It is a very hard case,' he went on, 'but I fear that our methods are powerless. The

only chance would be to divert young Mr. Warren's affections into some other more enlightened channel. That expedient has often been found efficacious. Is he very deeply enamoured? Would not the society of another pretty and intelligent girl perhaps work wonders?'

'Perhaps it might, sir, but I don't know where to find anyone that would attract my James. Except for political meetings, and a literary lecture or two, with a magic-lantern and a piano, we have not much social relaxation at Bulcester. We object to promiscuous dancing, on grounds of conscience. Also, of course, to the stage.'

'Ah, so you *do* allow for the claims of conscience, do you?'

'For what do you take me, sir? Only, of course, the conscience must be enlightened,' said Mr. Warren, as other earnest people usually do.

'Certainly, certainly,' said Merton; 'nothing so dangerous as the unenlightened conscience. Why, in this very matter of marriage the conscience of the Mormons leads them to singular aberrations, while that of the Arunta tribe—but I should only pain you if I pursued the subject. You said that your society indulged in literary lectures: is your programme for the season filled up?'

'I am President of the Bulcester Literary Society,' said Mr. Warren, 'and I ought to know. We have a vacancy for Friday week; but why do you inquire? In fact, I want a lecturer on the Use and Abuse of Novels, now you ask. Our people, somehow, always want their literary lectures to be about novels. I try to make the lecturers take a lofty moral tone, and usually entertain them at my own house, where I probe their ideas, and warn them that we must have nothing loose. Once, sir, we had a lecturer on the Oldest Novel in the World. He gave us a terrible shock, sir! I never saw so many red cheeks in a Bulcester audience. And the man seemed quite unaware of the effect he was producing'

'Short-sighted, perhaps?' said Merton.

'Ever since we have been very careful. But, sir, we seem to have got away from the subject.'

'It is only seeming,' said Merton. 'I have an idea which may be of service to you.'

'Thank you, most kindly,' said Mr. Warren. 'But as how?'

'Does your society ever employ lady lecturers?'

'We prefer them; we are all for enlarging the sphere of woman's activity—virtuous activity, I mean.'

'That is fortunate,' remarked Merton. 'You said just now that to try the plan of a counter-attraction was difficult, because there was little of social relaxation in your society, and you knew no lady who had the opportunities necessary for presenting an agreeable alternative to the charms of Miss Truman. A young man's fancy is often caught merely by the juxtaposition of a single member of the opposite sex, with whom he contracts a custom of walking home from chapel.'

'That's mostly the way at Bulcester,' said Mr. Warren.

'Well,' Merton went on, 'you are in the habit of entertaining the lecturers at your house. Now, I know a young lady—one of our staff, in fact—who is very well qualified to lecture on "The Use and Abuse of Novels." She is a novelist herself; one of the most serious and improving of our younger writers. In her works virtue (after struggles) is always rewarded, and vice (especially if gilded) is held up to execration, though never allowed to display itself in colours which would bring a blush to the cheek of—a white rabbit. Here is her portrait,' said Merton, taking up a family periodical, *The Young Girl*. This blameless journal was publishing a serial story by Miss Martin, one of the ladies who had been enlisted at the dinner given by Logan and Merton when they founded their Society. A photograph of Miss Martin, in white and in a large shadowy hat, was published in *The Young Girl*, and certainly no one could have recognised in this conscientiously innocent and domestic portrait the fair author of romances of social adventure and unimagined crime. 'There you see our young friend,' said Merton; 'and the magazine, to which she is a regular contributor, is a voucher for her character as an author.'

Mr. Warren closely scrutinised the portrait, which displayed loveliness and candour in a very agreeable way, and arranged in the extreme of modest simplicity.

'That is a young woman who bears her testimonials in her face,' said Mr. Warren. 'She is one whom a father can trust—but has she been vaccinated?'

'Early and often,' answered Merton reassuringly. 'Girls with faces like hers do not care to run any risks.'

'Jane Truman does, though my son has put it to her, I know, on the ground of her looks. "*Nothing*," she said, "will ever induce me to submit to that filthy, that revolting operation."'

'"Conscience doth make cowards of us all," as Bacon says,' replied Merton, 'or at least of such of us as are unenlightened. But to come to business. What do you think of asking our young

friend down to lecture—on Friday week, I think you said—on the Use and Abuse of Novels? You could easily persuade her, I dare say, to stay over Sunday—longer if necessary—and then young Mr. Warren would at least find out that there is more than one young woman in the world.'

'I shall be delighted to see your friend,' answered Mr. Warren. 'At Bulcester we welcome intellect, and a real novelist, of moral tendencies, would make quite a sensation in our midst.'

'They are but too scarce at present,' Merton answered—'novelists of high moral tone.'

'She is not a Christian Scientist?' asked Mr. Warren anxiously. '*They* reject vaccination, like all other means appointed, and rely on miracles, which ceased with the Apostolic age, being no longer necessary.'

'The lady, I can assure you, is not a Christian Scientist,' said Merton, 'but comes of an Evangelical family. Shall I give you her address? In my opinion it would be best to write to her from Bulcester, on the official paper of the Literary Society.' For Merton wished to acquaint Miss Martin with the nature of her mission, lecturing being an art which she had never cultivated.

'There is just one thing,' remarked Mr. Warren hesitatingly. 'This young lady, if our James lets his affections loose on her—how would *that* be, sir?'

Merton smiled.

'Why, no great harm would be done, Mr. Warren. You need not fear any complication: any new matrimonial difficulty. The affection would be all on one side, and that side would not be the lady lecturer's. I happen to know that she has a prior attachment.'

'Vaccinated!' cried Mr. Warren, letting a laugh out of him.

'Exactly,' said Merton.

Mr. Warren now gladly concurred in the plan of his adviser, after which the interview was concerned with financial details. Merton usually left these vague, but in Mr. Warren he saw a client who would feel more confidence if everything was put on a strictly business footing. The client retired in a hopeful frame of mind, and Merton went to look for Miss Martin at her club, where she was usually to be found at the hour of tea.

He was fortunate enough to find her, dressed by no means after the style of her portrait in *The Young Girl*, but still very well dressed. She offered him the refreshment of tea and toast—very good toast, Merton thought—and he asked how her craft as a

novelist was prospering. Friends of Miss Martin were obliged to ask, for they did not read *The Young Girl*, or the other and less domestic serials in which her works appeared.

'I am doing very well, thank you,' said Miss Martin. 'My tale, *The Curate's Family*, has raised the circulation of *The Young Girl*; and, mind you, it is no easy thing for a novelist to raise the circulation of any periodical. For example, if *The Quarterly Review* published a new romance, even by Mr. Thomas Hardy, I doubt if the end would justify the proceedings.'

'It would take about four years to get it finished in a quarterly,' said Merton.

'And the nonagenarians who read quarterlies,' said Miss Martin, with the flippancy of youth, 'would go to their graves without knowing whether the heroine found a lenient jury or not. I have six heroines in *The Curate's Family*, and I own their love affairs tend to get a little mixed. I have rigged up a small stage, with puppets in costume to represent the characters, and keep them straight in my mind; but Ethelinda, who is engaged to the photographer, as nearly as possible eloped with the baronet last week.'

'Anything else on?' asked Merton.

'An up-to-date story, all heredity and evolution,' said Miss Martin. 'The father has his legs bitten off by a shark, and it gets on the nerves of his wife, the Marchioness, and two of the girls are born like mermaids. They have immense popularity at bathing-places on the French coast, but it is not easy for them to go into general society.'

'What nonsense!' exclaimed Merton.

'Not worse than other stuff that is highly recommended by eminent reviewers,' said Miss Martin.

'Anything else?'

'Oh, yes; there is "The Pope's Poisoner, a Tale of the Borgias." That is a historical romance, I got it up out of Histories of the Renaissance. The hero (Lionardo da Vinci) is the Pope's bravo, and in love with Lucrezia Borgia.'

'Are the dates all right?' asked Merton.

'Oh, bother the dates! Of course he is a bravo *pour le bon motif*, and frustrates the pontifical designs.'

'I want you,' said Merton, 'you have such a fertile imagination, to take part in a little plot of our own. Beneficent, of course, but I admit that my fancy is baffled. Could we find a room less crowded? This is rather private business.'

'There is never anybody in the smoking-room at the top of the house,' said Miss Martin, 'because—to let out a secret—none of us ever smoke, except at public dinners, to give tone. But *you* may.'

She led Merton to a sepulchral little chamber upstairs, and he told her all the story of Mr. Warren, his son, and the daughter of the minister.

'Why don't they elope?' asked Miss Martin.

'The Nonconformist conscience is unfriendly to elopements, and the young man has no accomplishment by which he could support his bride except the art of making oilcloth.'

'Well, what do you want me to do?'

Merton unfolded the scheme of the lady lecturer, and prepared Miss Martin to receive an invitation from Mr. Warren.

'Can you write a lecture on the Use and Abuse of Novels before Friday week?' he asked.

'Say seven thousand words? I could do it by to-morrow morning,' said Miss Martin.

'You know you must be very careful?'

'Style of answers to correspondents in *The Young Girl*,' said Miss Martin. 'I know my way about.'

'Then you really will essay the adventure?'

'Like a bird,' answered the lady. 'It will be great fun. I shall pick up copy about the habits of the middle classes in the Midlands.'

'They won't recognise you as the author of your more criminal romances?'

'How can they? I sign them "Passion Flower" and "Nightshade," and "La Tofana," and so on.'

'You will dress as in your photograph in *The Young Girl*?'

'I will, and take a *fichu* to wear in the evening. They always wear *fichus* in evening dress. But, look here, do you want a happy ending to this romance?'

'How can it be happy if you are to be successful? Miss Jane Truman will be miserable, and Mr. James Warren will die of remorse and a broken heart, when you——'

'Fail to crown his flame, and Jane has too much pride to welcome back the wanderer?'

'I'm afraid that, or something like that, will be the end of it,' said Merton, 'and, perhaps, on reflection, we had better drop the affair.'

'But suppose I could manage a happy ending? Suppose I reconcile Mr. Warren to the union? I am all for happy endings myself. I drink to King Charles II., who declared that while *he* was king all tragedies should end happily.'

'You don't mean that you can persuade Jane to be vaccinated?'

'One never knows till one tries. You'll find that I shall make a happy conclusion to my Borgia novel, and *that* is not so easy. You see Lionardo goes to the Pope's jeweller and exchanges the——'

Miss Martin paused and remained absorbed in thought.

Suddenly she danced round the room with much grace and *abandon*, while Merton, smoking in an armchair that had lost a castor, gently applauded the performance.

'You have your idea?' he asked.

'I have it. Happy ending! Hurrah!'

Miss Martin spun round like a dancing Dervish, and finally fell into another armchair, overcome by the heat and the intoxication of genius.

'We owe a candle to Saint Alexander Borgia!' she said, when she recovered her breath.

'Miss Martin,' said Merton gravely. 'This is a serious matter. You are not going, I trust, to poison the lemons for the elder Mr. Warren's lemon squash? He is strictly Temperance, you know.'

'Poison the lemons? With a hypodermic syringe?' asked Miss Martin. 'No; that is good business. I have made one of my villains do *that*, but that is not my idea. Perfectly harmless, my idea.'

'But sensational, I fear?' asked Merton.

'Some very cultured critics might think so,' the lady admitted. 'But I am sure to succeed, and I hear the merry, merry wedding bells of the Bulcester tabernacle ringing a peal for the happy pair.'

'Well, what is the plan?'

'That is my secret.'

'But I *must* know. I am responsible. Tell me, or I telegraph to Mr. Warren: "Lecturer never vaccinated; sorry for my mistake."'

'That would not be true,' said Miss Martin.

'A noble falsehood,' said Merton.

'But I assure you that if my plan fails no harm can possibly be caused or suspected. And if it succeeds then the thing is

done: either Mr. Warren is reconciled to the marriage, or—the marriage is broken off, as he desires.'

'By whom?'

'By the Conscientious Objectrix, if that is the feminine of Objector—by Miss Jane Truman.'

'Why should Jane break it off if the old gentleman agrees?'

'Because Jane would be a silly girl. Mr. Merton, I will promise you one thing. The plan shall not be tried without the approval of the lover himself. None but he shall be concerned in the affair.'

'You won't hypnotise the girl and let him vaccinate her when she is in the hypnotic sleep?'

'No, nor even will I give her a post-hypnotic suggestion to vaccinate herself, or go to the doctor's and have it done when she is awake; though,' said Miss Martin, 'that is not bad business either. I must make a note of that. But I can't hypnotise anybody. I tried lots of girls when I was at St. Ursula's, and nothing ever came of it. Thank you for the idea all the same. By the way, I first must sterilise the pontifical——' She paused.

'The what?'

'That is my secret! Don't you see how safe it is? None but the lover shall have his and her fate in his hands. *C'est à prendre ou à laisser.*'

Merton was young and adventurous.

'You give me your word that your idea is absolutely safe and harmless? It involves no crime.'

'None; and if you like,' said Miss Martin, 'I will bring you the highest professional opinion,' and she mentioned an eminent name in the craft of healing. 'He was our doctor when we were children,' said the lady, 'and we have always been friends.'

'Well,' Merton said, 'what is good enough for Sir Josiah Wilkinson is good enough for me. But you will bring me the document?'

'The day after to-morrow,' said Miss Martin, and with that assurance Merton had to be content.

Sir Josiah was almost equally famous in the world as a physician and, in a smaller but equally refined circle, as a virtuoso and collector of objects of art. His opinions about the beneficent effects of vaccination were known to be at the opposite pole from those of the intelligent population of Bulcester.

On the next day but one Miss Martin again entertained Merton at her club, and demurely presented him with three

documents. These were Mr. Warren's invitation, her reply in acceptance, and a formal signed statement by Sir Josiah that her scheme was perfectly harmless, and commanded his admiring approval.

'Now!' said Miss Martin.

'I own that I don't like it,' said Merton. 'Logan thinks that it is all right, but Logan is a born conspirator. However, as you are set on it, and as Sir Josiah's opinion carries great weight, you may go. But be very careful. Have you written your lecture?'

'Here is the scenario,' said Miss Martin, handing a type-written synopsis to Merton.

'USE AND ABUSE OF NOVELS.

'All good things capable of being abused. Alcohol not one of these; alcohol *always* pernicious. Fiction, on the other hand, a good thing. Antiquity of fiction. In early days couched in verse. Civilisation prefers prose. Fiction, from the earliest ages, intended to convey Moral Instruction. Opinion of Aristotle defended against that of Plato. Morality in mediæval Romance. Criticism of Mr. Frederic Harrison. Opinion of Molière. Yet French novels usually immoral, and why. Remarks on Popery. To be avoided. Morality of Richardson and of Sir Walter Scott. Impropriety re-introduced by Charlotte Brontë. Unwillingness of Lecturer to dwell on this Topic. The Novel is now the whole of Literature. The people has no time to read anything else. Responsibilities of the Novelist as a Teacher. The Novel the proper vehicle of Theological, Scientific, Social, and Political Instruction. Mr. Hall Caine, Miss Corelli. Fallacy of thinking that the Novel should Amuse. Abuse of the Novel as a source of mischievous and false Opinions. Case of *The Woman Who Did*. Sacredness of Marriage. Study of the Novel becomes an abuse if it leads to Neglect of the Morning and Evening Newspapers. Sir Walter Besant on the Novel. None but the newest Novels ought to be read. Mr. W. D. Howells on this subject. Experience of the Lecturer as a Novelist. Gratifying letters from persons happily influenced by the Lecturer. Anecdotes. Case of Miss A—— C——. Case of Mr. J—— R——. Unhappy Endings demoralising. Marriage the true End of the Novel, but the beginning of the happy Life. Lecturer wishes her audience happy Endings and true Beginnings. Conclusion.'

'Will *that* do?' asked Miss Martin anxiously.

'Yes, if you don't exceed your plan, or run into chaff.'

'I won't,' said Miss Martin. 'It is all chaff, but they won't see it.'

'I think I would drop that about Popery,' said Merton—'it may lead to letters in the newspapers; and *do* be awfully careful about impropriety in novels.'

'I'll put in "Vice to be Condemned, not Described,"' said Miss Martin, pencilling a note on the margin of her paper.

'That seems safe,' said Merton. 'But it cuts out some of our most powerful teachers.'

'Serve them right!' said Miss Martin. 'Teachers! the arrant humbugs.'

'You will report at once on your return?' said Merton. 'I shall be on tenter-hooks till I see you again. If I knew what you are really about, I'd take counsel's opinion. Medical opinion does not satisfy me: I want legal.'

'How nervous you are!' said Miss Martin. 'Counsel would be rather stuck up, I think; it is a new kind of case,' and the lady laughed in an irritating way. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' she said. 'I'll telegraph to you on the Monday morning after the lecture. If everything goes well, I'll telegraph, "Happy ending." If anything goes wrong—but it can't—I'll telegraph, "Unhappy ending."'

'If you do, I shall be off to Callao.

'*On no condition*
Is Extradition
Allowed in Callao!'

said Merton.

'But if there is any uncertainty—and there *may* be,' said Miss Martin, 'I'll telegraph, "Will report."'

. . . . . .

Merton passed a miserable week of suspense and perplexity of mind. Never had he been so imprudent; he felt sure of that, and it was the only thing of which he did feel sure. The newspapers contained bulletins of an epidemic of smallpox at Bulcester. How would that work into the plot? Then the high animal spirits and daring fancy of Miss Martin might carry her into undreamed-of adventures.

'But they won't let her have even a glass of champagne,' reflected Merton. 'One glass makes her reckless.'

It was with a trembling hand that Merton, about ten on the Monday morning, took the telegraphic envelope of Fate.

'I can't face it,' he said to Logan. 'Read the message to me.'

Merton was unmanned!

Logan carelessly opened the envelope and read:

'*Happy ending, but awfully disappointed. Will call at one o'clock.*'

'Oh, thanks to all gracious Powers,' said Merton, falling limply on to a sofa. 'Ring, Logan, and order a small whisky-and-soda.'

'I won't,' said Logan. 'Horrid bad habit. Would you like me to send out for smelling-salts? Be a man, Merton! Pull yourself together!'

'You don't know that awful girl,' said Merton, slowly recovering self-control. 'However, as she is disappointed though the ending is happy, her infernal plan must have miscarried, whatever it was. It *must* be all right, though I sha'n't be quite happy till I see her. I am no coward, Logan' (and Merton was later to prove that he possessed coolness and audacity in no common measure), 'but it is the awful sense of responsibility. She is quite capable of getting us into the newspapers.'

'You funk being laughed at,' said Logan.

Merton lay on the sofa, smoking too many cigarettes, till, punctually at one o'clock, a peal at the bell announced the arrival of Miss Martin. She entered, radiant, smiling, and in her costume of innocence she looked like a sylph.

'It is all right—they are engaged, with Mr. Warren's full approval,' she exclaimed.

'Were we on the stage I should embrace you!' exclaimed Merton rapturously.

'We are not on the stage,' replied Miss Martin demurely. 'And *I* have no occasion to congratulate myself. My plot did not come off; never had a look in. Do you want to be vaccinated? If so, shake hands,' and Miss Martin extended her own hands ungloved.

'I do not want to be vaccinated,' said Merton.

'Then don't shake hands,' said Miss Martin.

'What on earth do you mean?' asked Merton.

'Look there!' said the lady lifting her hand to his eyes. Merton kissed it.

'Oh, *take care!*' shrieked Miss Martin. 'It would be awkward—on the lips. Do you see my ring?'

Merton and Logan examined her ring. It was a beautiful

cinque cento jewel in white and blue enamel, with a high gold top containing a pointed ruby.

'It's very pretty,' said Merton—'quite of the best period. But what is the mystery?'

'It is a poison ring of the Borgias,' said Miss Martin. 'I borrowed it from Sir Josiah Wilkinson. If it scratched you' (here she exhibited the mechanism of the jewel), 'why, there you are!'

'Where? Poisoned?'

'No! Vaccinated!' said Miss Martin. 'It is full of the stuff they vaccinate you with, but it is quite safe as far as the old poison goes. Sir Josiah sterilised it, in case of accidents, before he put in the glycerinated lymph. My own idea! He was delighted. Shall I shake hands with the office-boy?—it might do him good—or would Kutuzoff give a paw?'

Kutuzoff was the Russian cat.

'By no means—not for worlds,' said Merton. 'Kutuzoff is a Conscientious Objector. But were you going to shake hands with Miss Truman with that horrible ring? Sacred emblems enamelled on it,' said Merton, gingerly examining the jewel.

'No; I was not going to do that,' replied Miss Martin. 'My idea was to acquire the confidence of the lover—the younger Mr. Warren—explain to him how the thing works, lend it to him, and then let him press his Jane's wrist with it in some shady arbour. Then his Jane would have been all that the heart of Mr. Warren *père* could desire. But it did not come off.'

'Thank goodness!' ejaculated Merton. 'There might have been an awful row. I don't know what the offence would have been in the eye of the law. Vaccinating a Conscientious Objector, without consent, yet without violence. What would the law say to *that?*'

'We might make it *hamesucken under trust* in Scotland,' said Logan, 'if it was done on the premises of the young lady's domicile.'

'We have not that elegant phrase in England,' said Merton. 'Perhaps it would have been a common assault; but, anyhow, it would have got into the newspapers. Never again be officer of mine, Miss Martin.'

'But how did all end happily?' asked Logan.

'Why, *you* may call it happily, and so may the lovers, but *I* call it very disappointing,' said Miss Martin.

'Tell us all about it!' cried Logan.

'Well, I went down, simple as you see me.'

'*Simplex munditiis*,' said Merton.

'And was met at the station by young Mr. Warren. His father, with the wisdom of a Nonconformist serpent, had sent him alone to make my acquaintance and be fascinated. My things were put on a four-wheeler. I was all young enthusiasm in the manner of *The Young Girl*. He was a good-looking boy enough, though in a bowler hat, with turn-down collar. But he was gloomy. I was curious about the public buildings, ecstatic about the town hall, and a kind of Moeso-Gothic tabernacle (if it was not Moeso-Gothic in style I don't know what it was) where the Rev. Mr. Truman holds forth. But I could not waken him up, he seemed miserable. I soon found out the reason. The placards of the local newspapers shrieked in big type with

SPREAD OF SMALLPOX.
135 CASES.

When I saw that I took young Mr. Warren's hand.'

'Were you wearing the ring?' asked Merton.

'No; it was in my dressing-bag. I said, "Mr. Warren, I know what care clouds your brow. You are brooding on the fate of the young, the fair, the beloved—the unvaccinated. I know the story of your heart."

'"How the D—— I mean, how do you know, Miss Martin, about my private affairs?"

'"A little bird has told me," I said (style of *The Young Girl*, you know). "I have friends in Bulcester who esteem you. No, I must not mention names, but I come, not too late, I hope, to bring you security. She shall be preserved from this awful scourge, and you shall be her preserver." He wanted to know how it was to be done, of course, and after taking his word of honour for secrecy, I told him that the remedy would lie in his own hands, showed him the ring, and taught him how to work it. Mr. Squeers,' went on Miss Martin, 'had never wopped a boy in a cab before, and I had never beheld a scene of passionate emotion before—in a four-wheeler. He called me his preserver, he said that I was an angel, he knelt at my feet, and, if we had been on the stage—as Mr. Merton said——'

'And were you on the stage?' asked Merton.

'That is neither here nor there. It was an instructive experience, and you little know the treasures of passion that may lie concealed in the heart of a young oilcloth manufacturer.'

'Happy young oilcloth manufacturer!' murmured Merton.

'They are both happy, but I did not manage my fortunate conclusion in my own way. When young Mr. Warren had moderated the transports of his gratitude we were in the suburbs of Bulcester, where the millowners live in houses of the most promiscuous architecture: Tudor, Jacobean, Queen Anne, Bedford Park Queen Anne, *chalets*, Chineseries, "all standing naked in the open air," for the trees have not grown up round them yet. Then we came to a gate without a lodge, the cabman got down and opened it, and we were in the visible presence of Mr. Warren's villa. The style is the Scottish Baronial; all pepper-pots, gables and crowsteps.

'"What a lovely old place!" I said to my companion. "Have you secret passages and sliding panels and dark turnpike stairs? What a house for conspiracies! There is a real turret window; can't you fancy it suddenly shot up and the king's face popped out, very red, and bellowing, 'Treason!'"

'At that moment, when my imagination was in full career, the turret window *was* shot up, and a face, very red, with red whiskers, was popped out.

'"That is my father," said young Mr. Warren; and we alighted, and a very small maidservant opened the portals of the baronial hall, while the cabman carried up my trunk, and Mr. Warren, senior, greeted me in the hall.

'"Welcome to Bulcester!" he said, with a florid air, and "hoped James and I had made friends on the way," and then he actually winked! He is a widower, and I was dying for tea, but there we sat, and when the little maid came in, it was to say that a gentleman wanted to see Mr. Warren in the study. So he went out, and then, James being the victim of gratitude, I took my courage in both hands and asked if I might have tea. James said that they usually had it after the lecture was over, which would not be till nine, and that some people had been asked to meet me. Then I knew that I was got among a weird, outlandish race who eat strange meats and keep High Teas, and my spirit fainted within me.

'"Oh, Mr. James!" I said, "if you love me have a cup of tea and some bread-and-butter sent up to my room, and tell the maid to show me the way to it."

'So he sent for her, and she showed me to the best spare room, with oleographs of Highland scenery on the walls, and coloured Landseer prints, and tartan curtains, and everything made of

ormolu that can be made of ormolu. In about twenty minutes the girl returned with tea and poached eggs and toast, and jam and marmalade. So I dressed for the lecture, which was to begin at eight—just when people ought to be dining—and came down into the drawing-room. The elder Mr. Warren was sitting alone, reading the *Daily News*, and he rose with an air of happy solemnity and shook hands again.

'"You can let James alone now, Miss Martin," he said, and he winked again, rubbed his hands, and grinned all over his expansive face.

'"Let James alone!" I said.

'"Yes; don't go upsetting the lad—he's not used to young ladies like you. You leave James to himself. James will do very well. I have a little surprise for James."

'He certainly had a considerable surprise for me, but I merely asked if it was James's birthday, which it was not.

'Luckily James entered. All his gloom was gone, thanks to me, and he was remarkably smiling and particularly attentive to myself. Mr. Warren seemed perplexed.

'"James, have you heard any good news?" he asked. "You seem very gay all of a sudden."

'James caught my eye.

'"No, father," he said. "What news do you mean? Anything in business? A large order from Sarawak?"

'Mr. Warren was silent, but presently took me into a corner on the pretence of showing me some horrible *objet d'art*—a treacly bronze.

'"I say," he said, "you must have made great play in the cab coming from the station. James looks a new man. I never would have guessed him to be so fickle. But, mind you, no more of it! Let James be—he will do very well."

'How was James to do very well? Why were my fascinations not to be exercised, as per contract? I began to suspect the worst, and I was thinking of nothing else while we drove to the premises of the Bulcester Literary Society. Could Jane have drowned herself out of the way, or taken smallpox, which might ruin her charms? Well, I had not a large audience, on account of fear of infection, I suppose, and all the people present wore the red badge, like Mr. Warren, only he wore one on each arm. This somewhat amazed me, but as I had never spoken in public before I was rather in a flutter. However, I conquered my girlish shyness, and if the audience was not large it was enthusiastic. When

I came to the peroration about wishing them all happy endings and real beginnings of true life, don't you know, the audience actually rose at me, and cheered like anything. Then someone proposed, "Three cheers for young Warren," and they gave them like mad; I did not know why, nor did he: he looked quite pale. Then his father, with tears in his voice, proposed a vote of thanks to me, and said that he and the brave hearts of old Bulcester, his old friends and brothers in arms, were once more united; and the people stormed the platform and shook his hand and slapped him on the back. At last we got out by a back way, where our cab was waiting. Young Mr. Warren was as puzzled as myself, and his father was greatly overcome and sobbing in a corner. We got into the house, where people kept arriving, and at last a fine old clerical-looking bird entered, with a red badge on one arm and a very pretty girl in white on the other. She had a red badge too.

'Young Mr. Warren, who was near me when they came in, gave a queer sort of cry, and then I understood! The girl was his Jane, and she *had* been vaccinated, also her father, that afternoon, owing to the awful panic the old man got into after reading the evening papers about the smallpox. The gentleman whom Mr. Warren went to see in the study, just after my arrival, had brought him this gratifying intelligence, and he had sent the gentleman back to ask the Trumans to a High Tea of reconciliation. The people at the lecture had heard of this, and that was why they cheered so for young Warren, because his affair was as commonly known to all Bulcester as that of Romeo and Juliet at Verona. They are hearty people at Bulcester, and not without elements of old English romance.

'Old Mr. Warren publicly embraced Jane Truman, and then brought her and presented her to me as James's bride. We both cried a little, I think, and then we all sat down to High Tea, and I am scarcely yet the woman I used to be. It was of a height! And a weight! And a length! After tea Mr. Warren made a speech, and said that Bulcester had come back to him, and I was afraid that he would brag dreadfully, but he did not; he was too happy, I think. And then Mr. Truman made a speech and said that they felt obliged to own that they had come to the conclusion that though Anti-vaccination was a holy thing, still (in the circumstances) vaccination was good enough. But they yet clung to principles for which Hampden died on the field, and Russell on the scaffold, and many of their own citizens in bed! There must be no Coercion. Everyone who liked must be

allowed to have smallpox as much as he pleased. All other issues were unimportant except that of freedom!

'Here I rose—I was rather excited—and said that I hoped the reverend speaker was not deserting the sacred principle of compulsory temperance? Would the speaker allow people freedom to drink? All other issues were unimportant compared with that of freedom, *except* the interest of depriving a poor man of his beer. To catch smallpox was a Briton's birthright, but not to take a modest quencher. No freedom to drink! "Down with the drink!" I cried, and drained my tea-cup, and waved it, amidst ringing cheers. Mr. Truman admitted that there were exceptions—one exception, at least. Disease must be free to all, not alcohol, nor Ritualism. He thanked his young friend, the gifted lecturer, for recalling him to his principles.

'The principles of the good old cause, the Puritan cause, were as pure as glycerinated lymph, and he proposed to found a Liberal Vaccinationist League. They are great people for leagues at Bulcester, and they like the initials L.V.L. There was no drinking toasts, for there was nothing to drink them in, and—do you know, Mr. Merton?—I think it must be nearly luncheon time.'

'Champagne appears to me to be indicated,' said Merton, who rang the bell and then summoned Miss Blossom from her typewriting.

'We have done nothing,' Merton said, 'but heaven only knows what we have escaped in the adventure of the Lady Novelist and the Vaccinationist.'

On taking counsel's opinion, Merton learned, with a shudder, that if young Warren had used the Borgia ring, and if Jane had resented it, he might have been indicted for a common assault, under 24 and 25 Victoria, cap. 100, sec. 24, for 'unlawfully and maliciously administering a noxious thing with intent to annoy.'

'I don't think she could have proved the intent to annoy,' said the learned counsel.

'You don't know a Bulcester jury as it was before the epidemic,' said Merton. 'And I might have been an accessory before the fact, and, anyhow, we should all have got into the newspapers.'

Miss Martin was the most admired of the bridesmaids at the Warren-Truman marriage.

(To be continued.)

Sports and Games of Ancient France.

A BOOK on the sports and games of ancient France ought to come home to a sport-loving nation like ourselves, especially as they are closely connected with our own. Such a book we owe to the pen of one of the most distinguished French writers of the present day, M. Jusserand, whose name is as well known among ourselves as it is in France, and who by his researches has thrown much light on the history of early English literature. We are so accustomed to consider ourselves as pre-eminently the sporting nation, that it may surprise many of us to learn that not only some of our most popular games are derived from the French, but that the very word 'sport' is of French origin. The substantive *desport*, and the verb *desporter* were used in France as early as the thirteenth century to express relaxation of mind or body. The same word *desport* was used in Chaucer's day in England, and was the early form of our modern word 'sport,' which applies more definitely to physical exercises, and which the French have adopted from us in their turn.

The origin of all sports is traced by M. Jusserand to the necessity in ancient times of hardening the body for self-defence Life was full of risks and dangers which no one could escape. Journeys were slow, roads unsafe, communications uncertain. War might be almost at one's very door without one's knowledge; hence the means of self-defence were among the first conditions of life, and even the games of the people were of a warlike character, such as shooting with the bow and arrow or with the cross-bow, fencing with the lance or the sword. All classes practised them, but the bow and cross-bow were mainly the weapons of the lower orders, the sword and the lance those of the knights. In contrast to our present way of fighting, it was considered in those days that to hit the enemy at a distance was opposed to all ideas of chivalry, and that a hand-to-hand combat was the only worthy way for a knight to conquer or be conquered.

We find traces, in the sixteenth century, that this chivalrous scruple about killing at a distance was extended even to animals, and that it was thought more or less treacherous for a sportsman to shoot a hare. The hounds, and especially those that were not the swiftest, gave the animals at least a chance of escape. Thus James I. of England, in a treatise addressed to his eldest son—which was translated into French at the time—condemns shooting hares 'with gunnes and bowes' on the ground that it was 'a theivish forme of hunting,' but recommends hunting with the running hounds as 'the most honourable and noblest sort thereof,' the greyhound, however, being excepted.

Everything was done in the time of Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV. in England, Philip V. and Charles V. in France, to discourage games which were for mere amusement, such as tennis and football, and to encourage those which tended to make their subjects more skilled in the arts of war. Societies of arquebusiers, of archery or of the papegai (a wooden, metal or cardboard parrot, from which was derived our popinjay) were stimulated in France in various ways by prizes and privileges, and as some of these societies required a high standard of morals, they were useful in more than one sense. There were the same complaints in the fourteenth century in England and France that there are in England to-day; too much time was given to mere sports at the expense of those exercises that tended to ensure the safety of the realm. This was the burden of many a royal ordinance in both countries, prohibiting such games as tennis, football, and the like, and prescribing the practice of archery under certain penalties. Charles V. of France wished to make it as attractive as possible—in fact, the arts of war should be practised as a recreation, as it is proposed to do here nowadays, if we substitute the rifle for the bow.

> As it were almost cricket—as it were even your play,
> Weighed, and pondered, and worshipped, and practised day on day.

The French had already at an early time acquired a great proficiency in archery, but it was not till after the Norman Conquest that it was practised to the same extent in this country and that the English became masters in the art. In the twelfth century the French had begun to give the preference to the cross-bow, which, though a useful weapon on ramparts, was too unwieldy to handle when rapid movements were required, and placed them sometimes at a disadvantage. In England, implicit

faith was put in the bow and arrow, and we were the nation who last used them in war—namely, in 1627, in the siege of the Isle of Ré.

Tournaments, which were simulated battles, and which held such a large place in the life of the Middle Ages, were traced back to the days of Troy, and supposed to have been brought over by Ænæas. Such simulated battles were, according to Posidonius (on the authority of Athenæus), a favourite amusement of the Celts in his day. They are stated to have taken place in the days of the Carlovingians, and the English chronicler, Matthew Paris, describes them as 'Conflictus Gallici,' which points to their early existence in Gaul, whence they spread all over Europe. They frequently led to bloodshed and orgies, and were condemned in consequence by popes and kings. The popes thought they were detrimental to the crusades, the kings that they interfered with their own wars, but neither the anathema of the Church nor the prohibitions of kings succeeded in putting a stop to them. They remained for centuries the favourite amusement of old and young, of combatants and spectators, and even the horses, according to an old chronicler, seemed to share in the pleasure of the sport. Compromises had to be made, all the more as royalty sometimes infringed its own regulations. Treatises written on tournaments at different epochs show how, in the course of time, they lost their primitive rough character, and became more and more brilliant sports, the dangers being attenuated by a number of rules. In the earliest days they took place in an open space, bounded at the two extremities only. The combatants had free scope on either side, and it happened sometimes that neither vineyards, nor moats, nor any other obstacle stopped them in their course. The usual weapon in those days was the lance. In the fourteenth century tournaments were held in an enclosure, where a tribune was erected for the judges and the ladies, and, though the lance was not entirely given up, the sword was now more frequently used, because it was less cumbersome in a limited space.

Among instances illustrating the change of manners, M. Jusserand describes the ways in which the combatants spent their time on the eve of the great event. In the twelfth century, according to the testimony of William Marshal, they furbished up their armour, or they visited each other in the town where they were assembled, and this led in one case to the following incident.

'The Marshal, on a dark night, went alone to visit Count Thibault and his friends, leaving his horse to the care of a boy at the door. While they were talking, and the valets bringing the wine, a vagabond comes, throws the boy on the ground, and escapes with the horse. At the cries of the child the Marshal rushes out without ceremony, and dashes with all haste through the dark streets, guided by the sound of the horse's hoofs. The thief, conscious of the danger, stops short at a turning—the Marshal does the same. No more noise—silence on both sides. Suddenly the horse, getting bored, begins to paw. The Marshal at a bound reaches the thief, breaks his skull with his stick, and puts out one of his eyes. The companions of the Marshal catch him up, panting for breath, congratulate him on his prowess, and offer to hang the vagabond. "It is useless, I think," says the Marshal; "he is done for." And they go back to Count Thibault and resume the conversation as between wise and courteous knights.'

In the fifteenth century, we are told by King René d'Anjou, who wrote a treatise on tournaments, a supper took place, where richly clad ladies and knights met together, and after the tables were removed they danced at the sound of the music, which was in a gallery above. The only interruption was the cry of the king-at-arms, proclaiming that next day the visit to the 'crested helmets' would take place. These helmets, with the banners, were exhibited in the cloisters, each helmet having its own special emblem fixed on the top, by which the knight could be identified in the fray. The ladies, in solemn procession, made the round of the cloisters, as shown in one of the many curious and charming illustrations in M. Jusserand's book, while experts gave them the names of the different knights, which no doubt they mastered with some emotion. The crests, which were in no way connected with the arms of the knights, were usually of a grotesque nature, such as the legs of a negro turned upwards, a dog eating a bone, a candelabrum with seven branches, which made identification easy. If a knight had offended the fair sex they touched his crest with a so-called recommendation, which was the reverse of a recommendation to mercy. It put him, in fact, outside the law—but it only held good if the judges were agreed with the ladies. Humiliating punishments were meted out to unworthy knights who appeared in the lists; but the women had the right of pardon, and when they thought the culprit had been sufficiently punished, an embroidered cap at the

end of a lance, carried by an equerry who accompanied them, was made to touch his crest, and he was released. The knights treasured their crests, which were sometimes buried with them or sculptured on their tombs. Among the many beautiful tapestries, which formed one of the features of the marvellous French Exhibition of 1900, M. Jusserand reminds us that there was one from the Museum of Valenciennes representing a tournament, with broken crests scattered on the ground. The day the visit to the helmets took place the knights with their horses rehearsed the tournament; and they also had to take a solemn oath to observe certain rules, such as not to hit each other below the waist. Justs, or single combats on horseback, were given the day after the tournaments. As these were simulated battles so the justs were simulated duels, and they had the advantage of showing off more especially the personal skill and prowess of the antagonists. The lance always was the characteristic weapon for the justs. It was the weapon in which the French of all nations were recognised to be the most expert. The great art of justing consisted in meeting the adversary at full gallop, and breaking the lance against his armour without being thrown from the saddle by the shock, or without even showing the slightest unsteadiness. Rider and horse had, in fact, to move as if they were made of one piece. The armour was much heavier than that which was worn for the tournament, and, as the combat was on different lines, it was differently constructed, to protect the vulnerable parts. Its weight suggests enormous physical strength. It sometimes amounted to a hundred pounds, and double with that of the horse. A number of rules were made in the course of time to lessen the dangers attending this sport. It became more and more popular, and survived the practice of tournaments. Knights travelled far and wide to challenge to the combat, and when they went on an ordinary journey they enlivened the time by breaking a lance on the way. If a personage was sent on an embassy, he might be asked to join in the sports, and woe to him if he had not been 'entered at youth to the game.' This happened to the poet Eustache des Champs, who lived in the fourteenth century. In his poems he made himself the advocate of intellectual education, and he deplores the neglect of it among the knighthood, and the excess of physical exercises, which, he says, is as injurious to the body as excess of mental effort is to the mind—and if a man has bodily injuries and no brains, there is nothing to fall back upon. He confesses that he is himself

awkward and unskilled at sports, and relates how he was nearly killed in a just at Prague, whither he had been sent on a mission. Yet his refusal to join in the sports would have been as little understood, says M. Jusserand, as if an ambassador nowadays refused to dance in a quadrille.

The Kings of France took an active part in these pastimes. Charles VI. and Francis I. distinguished themselves in the justs, and Henry II. lost his life in one of them. Thrilling is the account, given on the authority of a contemporary, of the death of this King, who was killed in the justs that were given after the peace of Cateau-Cambrésis, in honour of the marriage of his sister with the Duke of Savoy, and of his daughter with Philip II. of Spain, widower of Queen Mary. They took place before the royal residence, Hôtel des Tournelles, on what is now the Place des Vosges. The King had broken a lance with three antagonists —the Duke of Savoy, M. de Guise, and Montgomery, Sieur de Lorges—and this was the number prescribed by the rules; but he wished to break one more with Lorges, a tall strong Huguenot, who had made him, he said, move in the stirrup. Marshal de Vieilleville, whose Memoirs give the account, implored him to desist. 'I swear by the living God, sir, that for three nights I dreamt that some disaster was to happen to you to-day, and that this last day of June would be fatal to you.' The King, however, sent for Lorges, who obeyed. And then, we are told, an extraordinary thing occurred. The trumpets and clarions, which were blown during the whole of the sports, suddenly stopped in an ominous way—and all felt there was disaster in the air. The King and Lorges, having both broken their lances, Lorges kept in his hand the stump which was usually thrown away, and in his course it hit the King's head and put out one of his eyes. He fell over the neck of his horse, and, mindful of the warnings of Vieilleville, said, 'One cannot escape one's destiny.' A splinter had entered the King's brain: he lingered ten days, and died. In his epitaph occurred the line:—

Quem Mars non rapuit, Martis imago rapit.

From that time justs lost their popularity, but warlike games continued, such as the quintain, or running with the lance at a target, which was practised on land and water, and even on ice. It was not restricted to the knighthood, and it became a favourite pastime of the peasantry in England as well as in France. Running at the quintain was played before Queen Elizabeth at

Kenilworth, and was, it seems, so full of comical incidents that, as a contemporary says, 'no one could have helped laughing, even if he had been told that his wife was dying.' In France this game lasted till the Revolution. Wrestling, too, was much practised as a game; and the Celts—who had, as we have seen, from early times displayed such a combative spirit—showed a special aptitude in it, the best wrestlers being Cornishmen in England and Bretons in France. Those who wrestled had to observe the same rule as for the tournaments—not to hit each other below the waist; a rule which is still observed in boxing. In England and in France, kings and princes had wrestlers in their pay. Henry VIII. took wrestlers with him to the Field of the Golden Cloth, and they won the prize, because, as an eye-witness characteristically observes, the King of France had not sent for any wrestlers from Brittany.

Among the games pure and simple which had so great a popularity that archery was neglected for them, the *jeu de paume*, or game of tennis, held from early times the most prominent place in France. Everybody played it, kings as well as their subjects; even monks were addicted to it, and the Council of Sens prohibited their playing, especially 'in their shirts and in public.' The people were so passionately devoted to this game and others of the same kind that they often left their work on weekdays to go and play; and various regulations were made at different times, either to suppress such games or to allow them only on Sundays. In England, whither they had been imported, their practice had likewise to be restricted.

We are told that, in 1292, there were thirteen manufacturers of tennis balls in Paris, while there were only eight booksellers. The French balls were considered the best in Europe. In Louis XI.'s time the manufacturers complained that there were dishonest people who made spurious imitations of balls, containing lime, sand, and other materials, which made them heavy and injurious; and the King issued an ordinance to the effect that they should be made of good leather and good stuffing, on penalty of a fine and the burning of all bad balls—the proper stuffing being the hair of animals, usually of dogs. This explains the joke in *Much Ado about Nothing* on the beard of Benedick, 'The barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.'

The game of tennis underwent, in the course of time, various modifications. At first the ball was struck with the palm

of the hand, whence the name *jeu de paume*, and double gloves were sometimes worn to mitigate the blow. Then the racket was introduced, and it became almost general in the beginning of the sixteenth century, though Erasmus maintained that in his time the use of the hand was considered more elegant. The racket had a network of cords or a piece of parchment stretched across, and as new parchment was very expensive, the manufacturers frequently used the old, and it is asserted that in this way some valuable manuscripts disappeared. A man of letters, says Colomiès, played with a racket on which could be traced fragments of Titus Livius which we do not possess; and these came from a chemist who had received several volumes of that author as a present from the nuns of Fontevrault, and who in his ignorance had sold them to a manufacturer of tennis rackets. Tennis was played at first in undefined open spaces, but by degrees playgrounds were set apart. They were first walled in, and then roofed over. A fringe was stretched across, which was finally superseded by a net. As in the case of the tournament, the tennis players had to enter into certain engagements before the game, among others, not to swear or blaspheme, under penalty of a fine. The rules which had to be observed in all these sports tended, no doubt, to promote self-control and stimulate the sense of honour among all classes. Tennis courts spread all over the country and were used as theatres by itinerant companies. The number of them struck every foreigner who visited France. It is stated, in 1596, by an Italian who accompanied the Pope's legate, that there were in Paris alone no fewer than 250 tennis courts, and a Venetian ambassador speaks of 1,800. Sir Robert Dallington, in his *View of France*, which he visited in 1598, says that there were more tennis courts than churches. The French seemed born with a racket in their hands; even women and children were proficient in the game; poor artificers played and squandered their week's earnings; in fact, 'of this sort of poor people,' Dallington assures us, 'there be more tennis players in France than ale drinkers or maltwormes (as they call them) with us.'

Many of the Kings of France played the game, which was called royal. Louis X. died from having caught cold at tennis playing; Francis I., Henry II., Charles IX., Henry IV. were all devoted to it. Henry IV., says a contemporary, played tennis the day after his entry into Paris, and a few days later he was seen playing in a shirt 'torn at the back.' One day he won four hundred ducats, and, putting them in his hat, said aloud, 'These

I hold, and they shall not be robbed from me, for they will not pass through the hands of my treasurers.'

Louis XIV. played tennis, and had special court dignitaries who presided over the game, one of whom handed the racket to the King and taught the princes. From that time, however, dates its decadence, and the decrease of the tennis courts, of which there are only one or two left in France. The royal one at Versailles has been preserved on account of its historical associations. The game of lawn tennis, introduced by Major Wingfield, and for which he received a patent in 1874, is stated by him to be an improved way of playing the old tennis game, and is now very popular in France.

The old *jeu de soule*, *choule* or *cholle* (ball), is the same as our football, but there is no proof that we are indebted to France for it. It has been played from time immemorial in both countries; it was considered less aristocratic than tennis, and more especially the game of the people. Shakespeare speaks of football-players somewhat contemptuously. James I., in the treatise he wrote for his son, excludes football from the games which it is desirable to play, and Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, condemns it as 'a bloody and murthering practice.' It used to be played in a very rough manner in the streets to the great inconvenience of the passers-by, and accidents were frequent. The same was the case with the *jeu de crosse*, in which the ball was driven with a stick curved at the end like a crook. This game was the prototype of hockey, cricket, and golf. The name of hockey is derived from hook, *crosse*. In a prayer-book of the fifteenth century, which belonged to the Duchess of Burgundy, and which is preserved at Chantilly, there are illustrations of various games played at that time; and there is a representation of the Nativity, which shows the shepherds, while watching their flocks, playing hockey to warm themselves.

It is neither recognised in England nor in France itself that cricket was originally a French game, yet M. Jusserand argues that this was the case. The word 'cricket' is derived from the French *criquet*, which meant a stick planted in the ground and serving as goal in one of the forms of the game; and it appears in that sense in a French document of 1478, while, according to Murray, we do not meet with the word in English till 1598. Two illustrations of the middle of the eighteenth century, one from a painting by Hayman in the Marylebone Cricket Club, the other from a French children's picture-book by Gravelot, show that

the two games called cricket in one case and *jeu de crosse* in the other were identical. While in France it lost its popularity, at least among the upper classes, like all games in the eighteenth century, it grew in favour in England with the increasing love of sport. Among the games represented in the miniatures of the Chantilly prayer-book may also be seen the *jeu de mail*, which was another form of the *jeu de crosse*, and consisted in hitting a wooden ball with a mallet. It was sometimes called pale mail (in Italian *palla maglio*), from *pila*, ball, and *malleus*, mallet, and from this was of course derived our Pall Mall, where the game was played in the days of Pepys. Dallington, at the end of the sixteenth century, had deplored that his countrymen had not yet adopted this game from the French. In Scotland, however, it had been early practised. The best balls were supposed to be made of the root of box-trees or of medlar wood, and some were believed to possess a special virtue; such was the Bernarde, a common-looking ball, bought by a player called Bernard, and found to be so excellent that President Lamanon, who acquired it afterwards, said that with it he would not mind playing with the devil. Louis XIV. and the great ladies of his time liked to play *mail*. One form of the game was called *chicane*, and had been brought over by Crusaders from the East, where it was played on horseback, and flourished under the name of τζυχανιον, from the Persian *tchaugân*, being originally a Persian game. There is in M. Jusserand's book a remarkable illustration from a Persian document of the beginning of the sixteenth century, representing this game, which is no other than our game of polo, brought from India in the last century. The game of *chicane* was played on foot in France, and may possibly have existed in that form in the East also.

Billiards and croquet are both derived from the *jeu de mail*. Billiards was first played on the ground with a stick slightly curved and flattened at one end, from which the game took its name; and even after tables had been introduced, a similar cue remained in use as late as the eighteenth century.

A book on ancient sports would not be complete without a chapter on the various forms of hunting. This sport was no less a passionate amusement of the past than of the present, but it was chiefly reserved for kings and nobles. The kings combined it with their wars, and took their dogs and hawks with them in their campaigns. There was for many centuries a rivalry between the partisans of the hawk and of the hounds, and many

arguments and much eloquence were expended on both sides. The habits of hawks and hounds were minutely studied, and they were carefully trained and became inseparable from their masters. Hounds were supposed to have a mythical lineage and to have come over from Troy with Ænæas, whose grandson Brutus brought them to France. An illustration from a sporting book of the sixteenth century represents a ship in full sail with the hounds conveyed in it. It is interesting to learn that falconry has introduced two words into the French language—the word *niais*, which was first used for a hawk taken from the nest (*nid*), and the word *hagard* (*haiard*), for one caught in the hedge (*haie*). From the time of Louis XIV., however, hawking began to decline and the hounds won the day, while the use of firearms facilitated another form of sport which, amidst all the changes of tastes and manners, is holding its own.

When knights ceased to wear armour and the lance fell into disuse, riding and fencing were still practised as arts and accomplishments. Fencing with the rapier had been introduced from Italy, and was at first condemned, says Montaigne, on the ground that its deceits and feints were opposed to the old ideas of chivalry; but it became, nevertheless, a favourite pastime, and with it grew the taste for duels. Judicial combats, recognised by the Church and the law, were gradually passing away, owing to the spread of more enlightened ideas after the Renaissance, but duels were now fought on the most flimsy pretexts, and they were condemned by Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. on penalty of death. The evil, however, was only stopped for a time; and the practical substitute which we have adopted here finds no favour with our Continental neighbours.

'Carousels,' or military evolutions and exercises, replaced the tournaments, and knights and horses, instead of armour, wore silks, ribbons, and plumes; but at least for a time the hearts of heroes continued to beat underneath. Thus we see in an illustration the great Condé as Emperor of the Turks in the famous Carousel of 1662.

In the eighteenth century the old sports and games were, in a great measure, given up by the upper classes, and relegated to the country villages. The increase of intellectual life, of luxury and comfort in the houses, and the charm of conversation, never greater than at this period, all contributed to the change; but towards its close new doctrines, chiefly initiated by Rousseau, gave physical exercises a prominent place in education. In the

theories propagated by the Genevese doctor Tronchin and the Abbé Coyer, we find many of the prevailing ideas of the present day about fresh air, hygiene, and gymnastics; and the regimen on which Madame de Genlis brought up her Royal pupils could hardly be outdone by the strictest authorities on diet of our own time. The Duc de Chartres breakfasts on a raw apple; the princes have an afternoon meal of bread and cherries. There was a laudable attempt to give them an all-round education according to the ideas of the time. They are made to run, to jump, to climb, to swim, to carry weights. They learn Latin and Greek, Italian, German, English—the chronology of the Kings of France and England, of the Popes, of Arabs and Turks, mathematics, music, drawing, architecture. English, which was much the fashion, nevertheless, put them to sleep, we are told; and to stimulate their zeal they were allowed to have a young English companion, Nancy Syms, rechristened Pamela, whom we know as the wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. At the same time sentiment was not looked upon as an infirmity. To foster it was part of the system. When the Duchess of Orleans recovered from an illness at Spa, the children with their own hands erected an altar dedicated to Gratitude, and inaugurated it amidst tears in their mother's presence. Such was the making of the men who distinguished themselves at Valmy and Jemapes.

The problem of an education which best equips a man for the battle of life is growing ever more perplexing. 'Art is long and time is fleeting.' As the number of subjects increases, the task of keeping the right proportion among them becomes more difficult. To each nation the problem presents itself differently. When we travel through England on a holiday we are struck at every turn by the cheerful sight of fields where men and boys play football, cricket, and other games. Not so in France, where the old love of sports has languished since the eighteenth century, and especially since the Napoleonic wars. There is now a movement in England, if not to supersede these games by rifle and drill, at least to encroach on the time given to them. No doubt the training of a man for the defence of his country should be now, as it was in the old days, one of the objects of education, and it is not likely that the military ardour we have witnessed (since the Peace Conference) will greatly modify tastes that have become part of the life and character of the people. If it did it would be a national misfortune, for no one will deny that England owes some of her greatness to the qualities that are fostered by those

games, such as energy, self-confidence, self-control, healthiness of body and mind, and that spirit of good-fellowship which makes even enemies friends over a game of cricket or football. In France thoughtful men are fully alive to the fact that outdoor games have a large and beneficial share in the formation of character, and they are doing what they can to revive them in face of the prejudice and criticisms of those who consider such a movement anti-national. M. Jusserand's book, by showing that some of the current sports have a French origin, may do much to overcome such prejudices. His epilogue is an eloquent protest against the general indifference to physical education in France, and an earnest endeavour to stir up his countrymen, by showing its importance. Like its predecessors, the book combines to a rare degree charm of style, humour, and erudition.

ELISABETH LECKY.

Her Brother's Keeper.

He could not raise his hand to kill,
  God sent her hand, to hold it:
He could not work his maddened will,
  Because her will controlled it.
She tamed the tiger, charmed the snake,
  And soothed the savage human;
Then—cried, as if her heart would break,
  A tired little woman.

A SMALL woman in a badly-cut khaki habit rode slowly along a path which, although it was the main thoroughfare between two fairly large villages, was almost overgrown by tufts of tall jungle-grass. She was no longer young, and the bright colouring of hair and skin that was once hers had been dulled by nearly twenty years spent in India. The pitiless climate—kinder to her, however, than to many Englishwomen—had taken toll of her beauty without wrecking her health; for, though the face under the faded hair was very thin and yellow, the slight figure swaying easily in the saddle was erect and strong. Her Arab chose his own pace and she made no attempt to hasten his slow steps. The dāk bungalow where she intended to spend the night was but a mile away, and since her husband had been detained on his inspection tour, no one was waiting for her there.

A note telling her of the unexpected delay had reached her that morning, advising her to postpone her jungle trip until the following day; but Mrs. Addison had made her arrangements for departure, and a great weariness of her own whitewashed house had seized her. Her home letters had been disquieting lately: the boy at Woolwich had developed an unexpected delicacy of the lungs, and her youngest son, with a boy's indifference to the value of time, was playing at athletics instead of working for Sandhurst. There was nothing in the small dull station, nothing in the monotonous evenings passed so slowly in the dreary precincts of the 'Amusement Club,' to amuse or distract an anxious mind, and ten days in camp, even with a husband who

was habitually overworked and frequently worried, appeared to her as a change that might bring rest and healing.

A familiar figure, running as swiftly as clumsy shoes would allow, emerged at a turn of the road; Guj Raj Singh, one of Mr. Addison's *chaprassies* and messengers, whose name being translated meant 'Elephant King Lion.'

'Stop, mem sahib,' he panted, 'there is a mad sahib in the bungalow who is shooting with a gun, and your honour must wait till he is caught.'

'A mad sahib? Where has he come from?'

'The bungalow *khansamah* has no news, Huzoor. The sahib arrived yesterday, very angry, without servants and with but three coolies bringing boxes. They told the *khansamah* that they had found the sahib in the jungle alone, and he had beaten them with sticks and obliged them to carry his *asbāb*. They saw no tents. Last night the sahib was full of anger for no reason, and to-day he is mad and has a gun.'

'It must be some poor fellow with sunstroke,' said Mary Addison to herself.

'He will soon be caught, however,' said Guj Raj cheerfully, 'many men from the village are there with heavy sticks. If the honoured one will wait a little——'

'I am going on; follow me,' said Mrs. Addison.

Three minutes' quick canter brought her in sight of the bungalow, a one-storeyed building of three rooms, opening upon a narrow verandah. A swelling seething crowd of men armed with metal-bound staves swayed and shifted near, and a little rabble of women and children watched from a safe distance. As she drew rein, a reed blind that hung before the centre door moved slightly, there was a puff of smoke, the sharp ping of a rifle, and a bullet found a harmless billet in a green turban, two inches above the wearer's head.

'Strike,' yelled the crowd. 'Seize and strike!' and it seemed to the white woman that race hatred mingled with the fear and anger in their voices. No one had dared to approach the man behind the blind as yet; but when they did, the six-foot brass-bound *latties* were terrible weapons, that could deal the death of a dog.

One of Mrs. Addison's own servants ran to her.

'The sahib is mad,' he shouted; 'go back!'

'*Choop*,' she answered, and the emphatic word seemed to enforce the silence it commanded. 'Send these people away at

once. Tell them to go quietly to their houses. The sahib is my brother.'

She dismounted and walked to the reed blind as resolutely as though no possibility of death in a hideous form lurked behind it. The man was absolutely unknown to her, but the race feeling was strong in her heart. An Englishman in an alien land needed help, and she, as an Englishwoman, must save him from himself if necessary. She noticed how the smell of gunpowder hung in the air.

The man behind the blind was quite young, and very tall and strongly built; his face was strangely red, almost congested, and his fair hair was very dull and untidy. As she entered he instinctively raised his hand to his bare head as though to take off a hat, and the little gesture relieved her of the worst of her fears.

'How do you do?' she said pleasantly, and he shifted his rifle to take her proffered hand. 'I'm Mrs. Addison. Perhaps you have met my husband out in the district; he has been prevented from meeting me here, but he will come to-morrow, I hope.'

'I'll take care of you,' he cried in a peculiarly high hard voice. 'I'll shoot some of those devils outside. You watch.'

She stepped between him and the door, laughing lightly. 'Oh, you mustn't do that,' she said. 'Why, some of my servants are there, and if you frighten them away we shall get no dinner. May I look at your rifle? It seems a great beauty. I wonder if it is as heavy as my husband's. I can shoot rather well with his.' She took it from his unresisting hand, and stepping outside fired into the air. 'There, I've missed that crow, and I've hurt my shoulder dreadfully,' she cried laughing, as she leant the empty rifle against the verandah wall with a quick gesture to Guj Raj, and went back into the room. It needed a good deal of courage to go in the second time, though nothing in her manner betrayed the effort.

'I'm quite tired,' she said, 'and longing for tea, though I haven't had a long ride—only from Pultonpore. When did you come here?'

He bent over her, after elaborate precautions against being overheard, and whispered, 'I have been in hell for ages and ages. This is hell—didn't you know?'

She took his hot dirty hand and laid her fingers on the wrist. 'I am afraid you have fever,' she said; 'sit down here with your

back to the light and tell me how you feel—you look as if you had been sleeping badly.'

His rifle was still leaning against the wall. Why was Guj Raj so slow?

'I can't remember when I slept last,' he said simply.

The rifle was gone now and she spoke more cheerfully. 'You must let my husband prescribe for you to-morrow; he is not a doctor, but he is nearly as good as one.'

'Is he of good family? I am of very ancient birth and high lineage; we can trace descent in a direct unbroken line from Guy, Earl of Warwick. You have heard, of course, of the Dun Cow, and the Dunmow Flitch?'

Mrs. Addison assented enthusiastically, and he went on:

'I could draw you up a genealogical tree in a moment, if I had pen and paper, that would make the whole matter clear to you.'

'Please do. I shall be deeply interested.'

The contents of a portmanteau seemed to have been emptied out on the table; he dug like a terrier among the confusion till he found a writing-case.

'This will be a truly beautiful family tree,' he said.

'I am so glad,' said Mrs. Addison, locking his gun-case and pocketing the key. She hummed a waltz tune to cover the sound of her movements as she rummaged for his razors in an open bag. There were seven of them in a neat case. What other weapons was he likely to possess, she wondered, glancing at the absorbed figure. There was bound to be a revolver somewhere; she cautiously moved a rug and pillow that were flung slantwise on the bare bedstead, and found what she sought.

'What are you doing?' he asked suddenly and roughly.

'Only tidying the room a little,' she answered, tossing an end of the blanket over the revolver. 'You don't like it as untidy as this, I'm sure.'

'No, I hate it; but these devils are not to come in and pry about, mind that.'

'Of course they sha'n't. I'll do it myself.'

'Let me help you,' he said, an instinct of politeness coming pathetically to the surface of his seething mind.

'Oh, no; you must go on with the tree. I sha'n't understand about your family else.'

He bent obediently over the table, and hiding the revolver with the razors under the fold of her skirt, she went out quickly to lock up the dangers in her own box. Coming back, she stole

away a heavy stick, and now there only remained the large hunting-knife that lay on the table near his hand.

'How is the tree getting on?' she asked, looking over his shoulder at a piece of paper that displayed pitiful scrawlings in red and blue pencil, like the scribblings of a little child.

'It won't come right; my head hurts so all over the top.'

She passed a cool hand over his burning brow and eyes, and at the same moment caught up the hunting-knife and hid it behind her.

'Yes, your forehead is dreadfully hot. Aren't you thirsty?'

'No; only in the top of my head.'

'I'll tell them to get us some tea,' she said.

This was her excuse for hiding the knife, and when she returned her feeling of relief was so great that she was almost light-hearted. She had learnt from the gun-case that his name was Sydney Warwick, and that he belonged to an English regiment, but the problem of his presence there, and the mystery of his madness, were still unsolved by her. Had the insanity been caused by sun-stroke, or excesses, or anxiety, or was it a sheer hereditary curse? She had no means of judging.

After tea he talked a great deal, always in a high hard voice, and it was difficult for her to tell in his fluent rambling sentences where sanity ceased and madness began. He was very boastful and argumentative, and a little disposed to be quarrelsome if she did not instantly agree with his wildest statements. It seemed to her that he talked as a fever patient thinks, with no power to fix the mind upon one subject, and with no possible connection of ideas between the topics. Two or three times he told her stories of the kind that no gentleman should tell to a lady: scum that floated on the whirling torrent of his poor mind, and she, understanding, smiled patiently.

It was useless to question him. She made one very ordinary inquiry as to his recent movements, and he glared angrily at her, growling, 'I warn you not to go too far!' A moment later he unearthed a packet of letters from the confused mound on the table and insisted that she should read them. Most of them were from his mother—loving letters full of the details of a narrow life in a far-away cathedral city, and telling her little, save that the red-faced wild-looking man with the suffused eyes, who sat rocking his body restlessly to and fro, was a dearly loved and only son, the child of many prayers.

'Sydney,' said Mrs. Addison quietly, purposely using his

Christian name, 'I think your mother would wish you to see a doctor, if she were here.'

The restless rocking ceased for a moment, and the fierce red face grew gentler.

'The poor old mum worries awfully if there's the least thing wrong with me,' he said.

'I know she does; so for her sake you ought to write to Dr. Bailey—he's the doctor at Pultonpore, only twelve miles from here—and ask him to ride out and see you to-morrow morning. I'm sure he would if you told him that going out in the sun would be too much for you.'

'Very well; I daresay the mum would like it.' And taking a red pencil, he began his note on a sheet of foolscap.

'Had I better draw our coat of arms at the top?' he asked.

'No; I shouldn't wait for that. It's getting late, and we ought to send the letter without delay,' said Mary Addison, who was writing a note to accompany the foolscap sheet.

'Is this all right?' he asked presently.

It was sadly right, in that it faithfully showed the turmoil in his poor brain; and Mrs. Addison knew that the doctor who was to receive it would set all possible difficulties aside to come to his help—his help and hers. Meanwhile she was sure the madman's great need was sleep.

'I know what will be the best thing for you to do,' she said; 'after dinner let me give you some sulphonal. I often take it, and it will make you sleep well all night.'

'I'm not going to swallow any of your poison!' he shouted.

'Sydney, you forget yourself; that is not the way to speak to me.'

'I didn't mean to,' he stammered; 'but you can see for yourself the danger I am in. I dare not go to sleep; these black brutes will come and kill me if I do.'

'When did you first begin to think that of them?'

'I don't know. Of course they are bound to kill me in the end—there are so many of them; but I won't let my life go cheap. Where's my rifle?'

'I took it away to clean it—you shall have it after dinner, if you like. Please sit down, Sydney; it makes me nervous to see you pacing up and down the room.'

'I'm a restless sort of chap, I know,' he said meekly; 'the mum is always telling me so.'

'Try and keep still for ten minutes, then,' said Mrs. Addison,

laughing, as she went into the verandah to give orders for the despatch of the note. The servants were busy preparing dinner, and the crowd had dispersed long ago, in a calm belief that the mem sahib would prevent the mad sahib from doing any harm.

Guj Raj shuffled up to her, a light of unwonted intelligence on his honest stupid face, and a piece of rope in his hand.

'Since the sahib has neither guns nor knives now,' he said eagerly, 'four men by entering quickly could tie up his hands and feet without hurt.'

'Go away, and try not to be a fool,' said Mrs. Addison. 'The sahib will eat dinner with me,' she went on, turning to her table servant, 'and the medicine in this paper, which looks like salt, must be put into the soup that you give to me—to *me*, you understand. If you forget to do this the sahib will certainly kill me, and then will probably kill some of you; so be careful not to forget. Bring dinner quickly.'

The table was laid in the third room of the bungalow, and made pretty with roses brought from Mrs. Addison's own garden in Pultonpore—a detail arranged by the *khitmatghar* as a matter of course.

'Now remember, Sydney,' said Mrs. Addison, as she led him in, 'you musn't frighten my servants, they are very good men.'

He looked suspiciously at his soup without tasting it.

'This isn't the same as yours,' he said.

'Oh, yes, it is,' said Mary Addison, making sure with the bowl of a spoon that the sulphonal was completely melted; 'but we'll change plates if you like; I do not mind at all.'

The transfer was made to his evident relief, and he drank the soup. During the whole dinner, the six courses insisted on by the *khansamah* as essential to the dignity of the ruling race, this exchange of plates was solemnly gone through.

'The poison they have prepared for me is not likely to injure you,' he said each time, in a kind of pitiful apology.

After dinner he grew at first noisy and then deeply depressed —the effect of the sulphonal, she supposed, for the dose she had given him had been a strong one.

'I wish I dared go to sleep,' he said.

'Why not? I'll watch and see that no one comes near you. I'm a very good nurse, and think nothing of sitting up all night,' she answered, in a very matter of fact voice.

She persuaded him at last, after much argument, to lie down; and, wrapping herself in a fur cloak, sat near him till his babbling

voice ceased and his regular breathing told of sleep. The night was cold, with the coldness of northern Indian winter; but she had been afraid to have a fire lighted, lest the sight of it should suggest to his madness a new and horrible form of destruction. A lantern burning in a corner dimly lighted his flushed face, which had a touching air of youth and helplessness. At first he slept uneasily, and she unlaced and took off his heavy boots, and loosened his coat at the throat, with gentle motherly fingers. He looked up, indistinctly murmuring a sentence that ended in a coarse word; but she whispered 'Hush! Sydney, don't talk'; and he nestled down on his pillow like a tired child, saying, 'I'm so sleepy.'

Mrs. Addison did not care to read, and the young face on the pillow, seeming in that dim light far younger than it really was, carried her thoughts back to the days when her sons had been children within the reach of her love: before the inevitable separation of Indian life had done its cruel work. Her babies—her little boys—were now her big sons, and divided from her by more than mere thousands of miles of land and sea. Her face, her ways, her very love for them had grown unfamiliar to them, and they had received her with more criticism than tenderness when she had last 'gone home.' And yet her heart yearned over all three—Roger, the Woolwich cadet; Ted, at Haileybury; and little Dick, her baby of a few years ago, who now loved his aunt so dearly and cared for his mother so little. Would they ever seem like her own again, or had her love and pain been wasted, thwarted and set at naught by the dividing power of distance and time?

The sleeping boy—she no longer thought of him as a man—moaned and started, and she smoothed his hair, murmuring, 'Hush, dear; hush. It's all right, I'm here. Go to sleep again,' in a voice that had power to soothe him, because it was a mother's. Presently his breathing was echoed by a slow snore from the verandah, and she looked out. It was Guj Raj, the unappreciated, who had brought his blanket, unasked, and lay stretched across the doorway. Mary Addison had not thought of taking the precaution of keeping a servant within call, and the unexpected thoughtfulness touched her.

A sudden exaltation of spirit came to her through the night stillness, bracing her tired body for fresh exertions. There was no wrecked or wasted feeling; the might of her love, which could make no manifestation to her own sons, was being utilised to help

another woman's son, the unfortunate boy she had found distracted and alone. She had been able to prevent him from committing sheer mad murder, and it might yet be within her power to save the overthrow of a tottering reason. Her plain weary face seemed transfigured by an illuminating purpose as she performed the homely action of lighting a spirit lamp and heating some milk, for she knew that he might wake soon.

He woke presently, with a cry, his eyes full of wild terror, and he struck at her when she tried to reassure him. For weeks after her breast showed the black mark of his blow, and at the moment acute physical pain turned her faint and sick; then the weakness passed and he was a child again, a big unhappy child, to be coaxed and comforted. Slowly, very slowly, his dark mood changed, he forgot the horror of his dream, was interested in the hot milk given to him to drink, and made drowsy by her steady flow of talk in a gentle monotonous voice.

'I like to hear your voice, it keeps dreadful things at bay,' he said, and as she sat near him dipping handkerchiefs in water to cool his hot forehead, she found herself singing the hymn that had been her children's lullaby, and repeating again and again what little Dick called 'the comfy verse':

> When in the night I sleepless lie,
> My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
> Let no ill dreams disturb my rest—
> No powers of darkness me molest.

How long the dawn was in coming; each time that she looked towards the door she saw the same hopeless darkness. She could have prayed at last for a gleam of the sunrise that should usher in a better day. Surely he was sleeping more peacefully, and his forehead seemed cooler. Was the victory not to be with the powers of darkness after all?

Very slowly a grey light glimmered behind the reed blind, and the crows began to wake. Warwick was still sleeping, and as the light grew stronger she arranged a shawl on a chair to shield his eyes.

Presently there was a sound of arrival outside, and an English voice asking for the mem sahib, and she hurried out to meet the doctor.

'Are you all right, Mrs. Addison? How have you managed?' he asked quickly. 'You must have had an awful night. I only got your letter at dawn, and came at once. What have you done

with him, where is he? That was the letter of an absolute madman.'

'He is asleep still,' said Mary Addison, quietly, 'he has slept a great part of the night,' and she briefly described what had happened. Her face looked very grey and small in the dawn light.

'Have some chota hazeri and then lie down and get a sleep,' said the kind little man, whose full title was Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel, but who refused to answer to anything longer or more stately than 'Doctor.' 'You've done wonders, and I'll look after him now. I've got a couple of Tommies coming in case he needs a guard, as he hates natives, but I hope they won't be wanted.'

'Let me come and tell him who you are—you might startle him.'

'Drink your tea and lie down, while I look after my patient,' and then she realised for the first time how tired she was.

Three hours later she was arranging the roses on the breakfast table, a little weary eyed, but fresh and alert again, and listening eagerly for voices from the next room.

'Ah, rested? That's right,' said Dr. Bailey, entering briskly. 'Warwick will be here in a minute, and after breakfast he is coming back with me.'

Mary Addison's eyes asked a question that her tongue hesitated to phrase.

'Yes, I think one may hope he will be himself again before long; but he may call it either good luck, or God's mercy, according to his turn of mind, that you came when you did. He's an excitable fellow, and he's got into money troubles, I gather—and I don't mind telling you, his reason was simply hanging in the balance yesterday. He *was* insane to all intents and purposes, and if it had come to a struggle, if one of these natives had tried to overpower him, he would have gone mad: raging, raving mad.'

'Oh, poor boy; will he really recover?'

'I hope so, in time and with care; that sleep he got last night was the best thing possible.' He laughed suddenly. 'It's funny to look at the size of your hands, Mrs. Addison, and think that you have prevented a man from committing two or three murders!'

'He was quite gentle with me.'

'Yes, I know that sort of gentleness, and the watching and managing it needs; and you're a plucky woman, a very plucky woman.'

'No I'm not, not a bit,' said Mary Addison; 'but it might have been one of my own boys ill and in trouble, with no one to look after him. Fancy if Roger, or Ted, or my little Dick——'

Her voice broke and she hid her face.

'There's nothing to cry for now,' said the doctor.

'That's why I let myself do it,' said Mary Addison, through her tears.

ALICE FLEMING.

Cradle Song.

SWEETHEART, sleep; Night spreads her pall
Over the silent town,
And the far-off tide is musical
Where the little lines of breakers fall,
And the weary sun goes down.

Sleep, oh sleep! for the world reposes;
Droop your head like the tired roses;
Dream till the daffodil dawn uncloses
Over the sleepless sea.

White birds drift to their dizzy nest
Safe on the headland steep;
God's great rose is pale in the West,
My little rose must sink to rest
And flower in the land of sleep.

Sleep, for the wind of night is blowing
Echoes faint of the cattle lowing,
Drowsy scents of the long day's mowing,
Over the hills to me.

Now the moon like a silver ship
Steers through the starry sky;
And the lighthouse at the harbour's lip,
Where the clammy seaweeds cling and drip,
Winks with his fierce red eye.

Sleep, oh sleep! in the magic gloaming
Glide to the land where the elves are roaming;
Wake when the sun flames over the foaming
Splendid spray of the sea!

ST. JOHN LUCAS.

Circumstantial Evidence, 1820.

ONE fine morning in September my young heart was gladdened when I paid my usual visit to my father's dressing-room, to see him buttoning a pair of most unclerical-looking gaiters on his shapely legs, a sure token that he was going out shooting. I always accompanied him, as did my brothers when they were at home for the holidays, partly for company and partly to act as beaters. My brothers accompanied him throughout the day, but at dinner time my nose was always turned towards home, and I was let loose in one of the lanes that ran pretty straight there to follow it. I trotted away with a proud sense of independence,

> Non sine vano
> Aurarum et silvæ metu,

and was glad enough when I saw the great white gate which bounded the drive up to the house.

Directly after breakfast we started forth. The dogs, Don and Ponto, were let out of the kennel, and careered about us with howls of delight. Don was a very fine red and white setter, wild, perhaps, but staunch on game. He retrieved admirably, and could leap a gate with a hare in his mouth. Ponto was a venerable pointer, for whom Don entertained a profound respect. He was of no particular breed, but gifted with a capital nose and a wonderful insight into the ways of his quarry. Pottering along at a slow trot, rarely quartering the ground, he would leave the guns at an angle, and, as if by accident, come to a dead point where you least expected game to be. He never made a mistake, and, as I said, was held in profound respect by Don, who religiously 'backed' him. Shooting in those days was a very different thing from what it now is—not so much skill, certainly, but more science. Partridges, too, were very different in their habits from what they are in these days; they took shorter flights, and, scattering, sought individual safety in concealment. When kicked

out of a bramble bush or grassy rut, the bird would fly in a straight line to the nearest refuge, offering an easy mark. My father was a sure shot, but the slowest I ever met with. His gun, an old flint and steel of large bore, would be raised deliberately, the muzzle following the bird's flight, until, after an interval which appeared to me of endless duration, bang! and down fell the bird. Then came a race; Don generally won it, and, the bird in his mouth, would canter round in a half-circle with a triumphant grin on his face, and deliver it into the hand of his master. Ponto, if by chance he got in first, would secure his prize by lying on it, and for myself I always carried the bird about by the head in triumph for a quarter of an hour, after which it was relegated to the ample pocket of my father's fustian shooting coat.

We started in high spirits, but had scarcely got over half the 'fifteen acres' before, breathless, almost speechless, with terrified face, Bill, the garden boy, caught us up and sobbed out—with the usual commencement of 'Please, sir'—'Mr. Waterhouse has been murdered; they've sent for the constable' (no police in those days), 'and they want *you*.' 'Murdered! What do you mean? How do you know?' 'Please, sir, I've just come from the Hall, where I was sent with a note; they were all telling about it, and they say that Jos Slade murdered him.' Slade was a loafing, disreputable blackguard, supposed to be a natural son of the murdered man, whose sole servant, indoor and out, he was. Waterhouse was a confirmed miser, living a solitary, morose life in the Parsonage at Stukely, the principal rooms in which, the windows removed to evade the tax, he had converted into a barn, in which he stored trusses of hay and sheaves of corn. In those days tithes were not infrequently taken in kind, especially where the incumbent was unpopular.

Of course our intended day's shooting was at once abandoned, and the dogs, sorely disappointed, scolded or coaxed back to their kennels, from which, for the rest of the day, issued doleful sounds of complaint and disappointment. My father prepared at once to visit the scene of the murder. I begged to be allowed to accompany him, but permission was firmly refused, and I was bid to go back to the schoolroom. I was, however, wild with excitement, and a morbid curiosity possessed me to witness at least the scene of the murder. This I determined to gratify at any cost. So, instead of going to the house, I hid myself behind the barberry bush, and watched my father as he walked rapidly across the field, having passed within a yard of my hiding-place. Crouching as

I ran, and skirting the plantation on the other side, I kept him in view. He was too much excited to look round, and I saw him climb the stile into Stukely Lane. There was another stile opposite, and I was in doubt whether or not he had crossed that also; but an inspection of his footprints satisfied me that he had, and, still running like a lapwing, close to the ground, I kept him in view across several fields through which the pathway ran. As we neared the village, however, there was no doubt as to the right road. The whole of its sparse population seemed to have turned out of their cottages and were hurrying towards the village. '*Omnes eodem cogimur*,' Death, as in the days of Horace, the moving force. I speedily found myself at the Parsonage—a dreary, forbidding-looking brick building, without garden or any outward adornment, the palings broken, and neither creepers nor paint to hide the ugliness of the entrance. Crossing what should have been the garden, and slipping unobserved through a small frightened crowd, chiefly of women, I ran upstairs to the second storey; the rooms on the ground and first floors were filled, as I said, with hay and corn. Entering an open door I sidled through the crowd, and gazed on a ghastly spectacle that haunted me in my dreams, and waking thoughts too, for a long time afterwards. Huddled up in a corner, with a frightful wound on his head, and his arm half severed from the body, lay the old man, his face and grey hairs covered with blood, his eyes wide open and staring; they had 'no speculation' in them, but they seemed to follow mine as I looked. I felt very sick, and, tottering to the door, tumbled rather than ran down the stairs, and fell at the bottom, fainting, right on to the great mastiff, whose chain reached beyond the door. It was strange, but his savage instinct—he was the terror of the neighbourhood—seemed to have deserted him, for he licked my face and hands! How I got home I cannot remember; I think it was in a cart between a farmer and his wife.

An inquest was, of course, held. It was proved that Slade had been seen at four o'clock that morning on the Slowton road, when he hid himself under a culvert. A hatchet, with blood and hair upon it, was found in an outhouse he frequented; fierce quarrels betwixt himself and the old man also were spoken to. The jury returned a verdict of 'Wilful Murder' against him.

The Assizes came on at a very early date, and great was the excitement throughout the county. I very much wished to be present at the trial, and consulted my friend 'Bill' on the subject. Bill was my 'guide, philosopher, and friend.' Some years older than

myself, I looked up to him as Don did to Ponto. He imparted to me the mysteries of rat-catching, bird's-nesting, and the building of brick traps for birds. He set snares, too, for rabbits. He could only advise that I should 'ask leave,' but from recent experience I had doubts of obtaining it, and determined to go without leave. In those days—I do not know whether it is so now—the High Sheriff, to add to his own dignity and to do honour to the Judge, was attended by a dozen men dressed in his livery, designated 'Javelin men.' They had some authority in Court, and escorted his lordship to and from his lodgings. The Sheriff was a neighbour of ours, and Luke Hall, our under-gardener and cowman, being a tall, good-looking man, got appointed a member of this august body. Under the impression that I had permission, he took me by the hand at eight o'clock the next morning and walked with me four miles to Slowton. By the kindness of the crowd in Court he got me an excellent place in full view of his lordship, upon whom I gazed with intense awe and wonder. I fully thought that his enormous wig was part and parcel of himself, and wondered who brushed his hair for him. After some preliminary business Joshua Slade was put upon his trial for the murder. Counsel made what appeared a clear case against him, and the evidence taken at the inquest was repeated. In addition, the medical authority of Slowton swore positively that, though he could not speak to the *blood*, the *hair* was undoubtedly *human hair*. The Judge, in summing up, strongly urged upon the jury the necessity of their dismissing from their minds any preconceived opinions they might have formed, and called especial attention to the fact that the evidence, though undoubtedly strong, was purely circumstantial. The jury, however, without leaving the box, brought in a verdict of 'Guilty,' and his lordship, in a touching speech, passed sentence of death in the usual form. The prisoner was removed to the condemned cell. I found my way home.

The following morning Slade was taken between two warders into the prison yard for exercise. There was a slight railed passage running along one side of the yard at a considerable height from the ground, and along it at the moment was passing an old white-haired man, probably an officer. On seeing him Slade yelled out that he saw the ghost of old Waterhouse, threw himself on the ground, and, in an agony of terror, demanded to see the chaplain of the gaol, to whom, on his arrival, he made a full confession of his guilt. Strangely enough, however, not one

fact on which the verdict was founded was supported by his confession. He was, he asserted, out poaching when seen on the road, and concealed himself to escape identification. The murder did not take place for three hours afterwards, about seven in the morning. He had previously stolen a sword from a public-house in Slowton, and hidden it in the corn, no doubt for the purpose to which he afterwards applied it. He had, he said, asked Waterhouse for money that morning and was refused, and carrying out a no doubt previously formed intention, he murdered him with that weapon, which he afterwards hid under a fagot-heap. There it was subsequently found. The hatchet he declared he had used to split a sheep's head a few days before, hence the blood and supposed human hair. In due course he was executed at Slowton. The remains of Waterhouse were buried in Stukely churchyard, and some years afterwards I visited the spot. A plain stone had been erected by his relatives, and, after stating his age, incumbency, &c., the following lines by way of epitaph were carved :—

> Beneath this stone his mangled body's laid—
> Cut, slashed and gashed by Joshua Slade ;
> Whatever faults you see in him take care you shun,
> You have enough yourself, so look at home.

GEORGE ROOPER.

Richard Baxter's Ghosts.

NOTHING in the English seventeenth century is more perplexing than the contrast between the remarkable modernity of some of its ways and the almost mediæval benightedness of others. And what applies to the age applies to the men who epitomised it. They had large, liberal intelligences, they were scrupulous and just, in certain directions they were tolerant—though tolerance is the last rose to open on the bush of civilisation—but in their minds existed one plot that seemed not to belong to the rest, a tract unploughed by reason, where a most credulous savage ran.

So it came about that two men as dissimilar as Sir Thomas Browne and Robert Boyle both believed in maleficent magic, and Sir Matthew Hale, Evelyn's 'excellent good judge,' sentenced the supposed witches to be hanged; while Sir Matthew's friend and neighbour, the Rev. Richard Baxter, a sworn enemy of all lying cheats of papists, set out to confute Sadducism with reports of a Colonel Bowen, whose phantasm or double visited his family in a cold breath of wind, the candles burning blue and almost out, and of a maid who cast up pieces of glass windows,

> A crop
> Of scissors and needles, nails and knives,

and innumerable stones, like pieces out of old walls, with some of the lime on them.

Baxter's ghost stories are to be met with in a volume—the culmination of years of notebook—which he published in 1691, shortly before his death. It is called *The Certainty of the Worlds of Spirits*, &c., &c., &c.; for brevity in 'intituling' was never a seventeenth-century accomplishment. Of all Baxter's books—and he wrote (in Jeffreys' notorious phrase) enough to load a cart—none is so little characteristic of the author as this duodecimo. Its interest—beyond that of the perennial titillation of the

subject-matter—consists solely in the curious illustrations of human nature it affords.

Eighteen years earlier Baxter had included in his huge *Christian Directory* a chapter bearing, for the 'spook'-ologist, the promising name, 'Direction about Communion with souls departed,' but it is disappointing, there are no 'appearances' in it. *The Worlds of Spirits*, on the contrary, is *parsemé* with 'appearances,' though not so thickly, unfortunately, as with the unimaginative doings of the hag-ridden, their uniform discoveries of subcutaneous bent pins, their tedious vomits of hardware and building materials.

Some of the ghosts vouched for by Baxter's correspondents, notably by Brothers Samuel Jones and Daniel Higgs (neither of whom would tell a lie, 'no, not for a benefice'), are of a nature to have roused the Fat Boy, while 'othersome' have about them the boisterous and buffoon character which throughout history and the world has been the ear-mark of so many good, genuine ghosts. A proportion of the stories are also to be found in the similarly intentioned books of Bovet, Sinclair, Increase and Cotton Mather, Glanvill, and Law—these Christian apologists ran a ghost syndicate—while a few are extracted from Continental wonder-books. Only such as Baxter had direct from eye-witnesses or their friends need be dwelt on.

An uncanny experience was verbally communicated by Colonel John Bridges, M.P., J.P., a former governor of Warwick Castle, as having happened to himself and his 'pious wife.' Colonel Bridges had made friends with Baxter in the godly town of Kidderminster, where he was patron of the living, and he is here described as a man of sound judgment, honest, and credible. The Bridges once lived in a house reputed to be haunted, Edson Hall, near Alcester, but for some time after their tenancy commenced no manifestations occurred. Possibly, Mrs. Bridges, like Mrs. Pepys, lacked musical taste; at all events, it was Colonel Bridges' custom to go into a parlour alone for meditation, prayer, and to play on his lute. One day, or it might have been one evening, as he was going in at the portal of this room, he was stopped and held by something invisible. For a moment his blood ran cold to his heart. Then, like the stout soldier he was, he resolved, under God's protection, to 'rush through' the mysterious force, and go on. Which he did scathelessly. Another time—it was a clear, moonshine night—the Bridges, who were in bed, heard their mastiff dog out in the courtyard making 'such a howling as raised

up the house.' At first, no doubt, they asked the self same question that was asked when Christabel drew Geraldine over the threshold—'What can ail the mastiff' (dog)? The next thing was for Colonel Bridges to look out of the window. There, beyond 'a pale that compassed the court,' clearly visible, considering the distance, in the white brightness, stood something like a headless man, but taller. Quite unshaken, Colonel Bridges gazed long at this grisly phantom, and then—returned to bed. He had always known he was living in a haunted house, and was prepared, in slang phrase, to stand the racket.

Perhaps the spectre was nettled at the small effect it could produce at long range, for the next thing it did (after the Colonel was back in bed) was to come up to the house. The hall door, which was fast locked and barred, and had so much iron about it that it never opened without a great deal of sound, was heard to open in the usual way. Then . . . 'somewhat came in' ('somewhat' is masterly) and proceeded to give three great slams as with a staff upon the hall table. With the three great slams the climax is reached; the ghost had asserted itself, it had laughed at locksmiths, there was really nothing for it to do but to depart. A little later, Colonel Bridges, followed by servants, came downstairs. They found the front door precisely as they had left it when the house was closed for the night. Here this experience terminates. The rather artistic epilogue to it is a statement that a Mr. Summerfield, who had the temerity to take the house afterwards, 'said that he saw nothing there.'

We moderns could have wished that the Edson Hall apparition had had a head on its shoulders, decapitated ghosts being apt to be connoted with young Hamilton Tighe and the Saracenic flagellant who, on Candlemas Eve, used to chase '*ci-devant* Bray' round the walls of Ingoldsby Abbey.

In pre-Barhamite times, however, people had not grown shy of the headless variety. In fact, they favoured it, and Baxter's small book contains three specimens. Of the other two, one was communicated to Baxter by 'a strong and healthful man' of Kidderminster, named Simon Jones. Jones deposed that having been at the time of the occurrence a soldier on the side of the malignants, as he stood sentinel one night on the College Green at Worcester, 'no way inclined to melancholy or other fancies,' and the moon then shining very clear and bright, something like a headless bear appeared to him. At this ugly sight he was so

affrighted that 'he laid down his arms soon after, and returned home to his trade.' Baxter implies that the bear was an occult warning to Jones to come forth from among the Amalekites.

The third headless ghost emanated from the Earl of Orrery's collection, a fact slightly prejudicial, since Lord Orrery, like his greater brother, Robert, was too decidedly 'in the (ghost) fancy' to pass for a quite impartial recorder. Baxter recollects that, being in Lord Orrery's—then Lord Broghill's—lodgings one night, his host came in with the report that a soldier (this time, of Cromwell's) being on his watch near St. James's Chapel, 'something came towards him in an affrightening shape.' 'Stand! stand!' cried the man, 'or I will shoot you!' The shape taking no notice, the Roundhead discharged his matchlock, whereon the ghost 'ran upon him and threw him over the way far off.' After this athletic incident had been discussed, Mr. Baxter, in all probability, 'swopping' for it the bear that converted Jones, my Lord Broghill, not to be outdone, produced a well-authenticated *headless man who talked.* A soldier, he began, an Irishman, was at that very date[1] starting in Colonel Venables' West India expedition, who, in his former regiment (Colonel Hill's), was observed by his comrades to be pale, sad, and pining. After a while, he confessed to his colonel that he had been a hosiery pedlar's assistant, and had killed his master for his money. The body being buried deep, the murderer fled back to Ireland, where he enlisted. Every night, as soon as he was alone, a headless man stood by his bed, saying, 'Wilt thou yet confess?' This was unnerving, but when the avenging shade began to appear when he was not alone, and made the same pointed inquiry, the situation became unbearable, and the criminal preferred to fall into the hand of man. He was not hanged. 'His going to Hispaniola was his punishment, instead of death, where vengeance followed him.' The Keltic glamour Lord Broghill was able to cast over this edifying, but 'steep,' tale may have helped; at any rate, Baxter found no difficulty in assimilating it. 'Professed students of intellectual aberration' (to use Mr. Sidney Lee's phrase in the Bacon *v.* Shakespeare case) might well quote this as a leading instance.

Not every just person can confront abnormal experiences with the coolness of Colonel Bridges of Edson Hall. Another of Baxter's witnesses, 'old Mr. White,' assessor to the Westminster Assembly, surpassed even Colonel Bridges. The Devil waking him by opening his bed-curtains in a light night, he waited to see whether he

[1] It must have been December, 1654.

would say or do anything. After a few minutes, 'If thou hast nothing else to do, I have,' remarked this phlegmatic veteran, and addressed him again to sleep. Such self-possession is, to say the least, unusual. Our next deponent makes no pretensions to it.

Attached to Colne Priory, the seat of Mr. Harlackenden, in Essex, was 'a tomb-house,' and in the room over it Mr. Harlackenden's coachman and butler used to sleep. Here, at two in the morning, they told their master, there was always the sound of a great bell tolling. In consequence of this sensational intelligence, Mr. Harlackenden, although nervous, decided to investigate. He accordingly arranged to lie in the chamber, 'betwixt his two servants, to satisfy himself.' During the evening he slept, to ensure being awake at the proper time.

Precisely at two o'clock there came the sound of a great bell tolling. Mr. Harlackenden did not half like it. Indeed, it put him into 'great consternation and sweat all over him,' exactly as Lady Rich told Baxter another auricular incident put a friend of hers. To obtain the comfort of human sympathy, Mr. Harlackenden 'jogg'd' the sleeping grooms. To them the bell was *vieux jeu*, and, upon awaking, they showed no more awe than to say, 'Hark! Tom is at his sport.' It was an inadequate comment, but it greatly revived Mr. Harlackenden to hear them speak at all. Subsequently, the chamber was formally freed of 'Devilism' by the Rev. T. Shepheard ('who after went for New England'), with some other ministers, and from that time never was any such noise heard.

The most beautiful and tender of Baxter's wraiths is that of a young mother, who, out of the body, and almost in the article of death, visited her children nine miles away. All day before she died this Mrs. Mary Gosse had been yearning to leave her father's house, where she lay ill, to go back to her children at Rochester. She begged her husband to hire a horse for her, and when they told her she was too weak to sit on horseback, 'If I cannot sit,' said she, 'I will lie all along upon the horse, for I must go to see my poor babes.' To a minister who was with her at ten o'clock that night she expressed her reliance upon Christ and her willingness to die. 'But it is my misery that I cannot see my children.' Between one and two in the morning she fell into a trance. The watcher averred that her eyes were open and fixed, and her jaw fallen, and that no breath was perceptible. A few hours later the dying woman told her mother she had been

at home with the children. 'That is impossible,' said the mother, 'for you have been here in bed all the while.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'but I was with them last night.'

At Rochester, meanwhile, the children's nurse, who afterwards 'would take her oath before a magistrate, and receive the Sacrament upon it,' affirmed that a little before two in the morning she saw the likeness of Mrs. Gosse enter from the next room (where the elder child was in a bed by itself, the door being left open) and come and stand for a quarter of an hour by her bed where the younger child was lying. The child did not wake, but 'her eyes moved and her lips went.' It was daylight now, for it was June, and, soon after hearing the bridge clock strike two, the nurse spoke to the phantom: 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what art thou?' At that the likeness of Mrs. Gosse 'removed and went away.' The nurse slipped on her clothes and followed, but 'what became on't she could not tell.' Then, and not before, she grew frightened, and went out of doors and walked on the wharf for some hours, only going in now and then to look at the children. At five, she knocked at a neighbour's door (Mr. and Mrs. Sweets'), but they would not rise. At six, they let her in. She told them what had happened, but they insisted she had dreamt it. Her reply was, 'If ever I saw her in all my life I saw her this night.' Before midday, Mrs. Sweet was summoned to take her last leave of Mrs. Gosse. She found her 'just departing.' Before she left the house Mrs. Gosse's mother told her of her daughter's singular words that morning about the children, and this brought into Mrs. Sweet's mind the circumstances described by the nurse.

Without enlarging in any way on the touching recital he has sent, Baxter's informant, the minister of Aylesford, adds that the day after the burial he had it from the nurse, the mother, 'the necessary, faithful preacher' who was with Mary Gosse in the evening, and the woman who sat up with her the last night. 'They all agree in the same story, and every one helps to strengthen the other's testimony.'

A justice of the peace of 'Llanbadarnevour or Aberystwith in Cardiganshire,' begins a letter with this satisfactory sentence: 'As for apparitions, I am stored with so many instances, that require rather a volume.' He proceeds to describe the results of the zestful inquiries he has been conducting into local phenomena. Corpse-candles play the leading part. These, like ordinary composites, run in sizes. If it be a little candle, 'pale or blewish,' it

means the death either of 'an abortive, or some infant'; if a big candle, it will be the corpse of one of riper years. The candle 'as much resembles a material candle-light as eggs do eggs.' A woman sees from her bed a little 'blewish' candle on 'the table's end.' Within three days comes a man, inquiring for her husband (her husband being the parish sexton). As he speaks, he takes something from under his cloak, which he 'claps down directly upon the table's end where she had seen the candle. What was it but a dead-born child?' *Q.E.D.*

The story loses something of the edge of its convincingness from its protagonist having been a sexton's wife. In a household where, to meet professional requirements, 'the black is most in use' one would rather expect to find corpse-candles reckoned among the perquisites of office. The enthusiastic J.P. contributes a better corpse-candle story, but it is, unfortunately, less easy to transcribe.

Still another instance—locally known as 'the Preacher's Vision'—he gives of a corpse-candle, or something similar. While the Rev. John Davis was riding home in the dusk, after delivering the session sermon at Cardigan, a whitish, moth-like thing, 'the bigness of a walnut,' persistently flew round his shoulders and hat. At first he took it for 'the glimpsing of his little ruff'; then he tried to ignore it, but still it went on bothering, and, as twilight darkened and it turned fiery red, he knew that it was nothing earthly. Finally, it flashed very near the threshold of an inn, and there, he thought, it entered, for he saw it no more. The sequel was that at that very sessions, a gentleman named John William Lloyd, falling ill on his homeward ride, had perforce to light and lodge at the identical house where the 'fire' had lighted and lodged. He died there four days later. At or about this point, '*Hactenus de candelis nostris*,' unselfishly concludes the Welsh magistrate.

Ghosts who revisit the glimpses of the moon with a view to securing the ends of justice are not absent from Baxter's emporium. One story, 'sufficiently attested,' of this pattern starts from a contest between an archdeacon in County Down and the vicar of Belfast as to their respective claims to the small parish of Drumbeg. The parishioners, having paid their dues to the latter shepherd, were naturally irate when the archdeacon, warrant in hand, claimed the right to a second shearing. At the house of Charles Loftin, where his servants, executing the warrant, were denied admittance, one of them was so over-zealous as to strike

the man's wife so that she died in a few weeks. As she had been otherwise infirm, little notice was taken of her death;

> But, though corpses rot obscurely,
> Ghosts escape,

and the late Mrs. Loftin soon began haunting a man named Donelson, who had been a spectator of the violence done to her. She appeared pretty frequently, but chiefly 'upon one Lord's day, when she fetched him three times, with a strange force, out of his house, into the yard and fields adjacent.' (This *sounds* a little like the foreword of the *Æneid*.)

Donelson, unwilling to trust himself a fourth time between the acres of the rye with a female of proved persuasiveness, who might, for aught he knew, be sib to the de'il, took the precaution of giving several of his neighbours notice that she was returning. Presently she returned and beckoned to him to come out. The neighbours, equally suspecting her Lorelei methods, went to shut the door, but Donelson interposed, saying that she 'looked with a terrible aspect upon him when they offered it.' Whereupon his friends 'laid hold on him and embraced him,' in order to keep him indoors, notwithstanding which he was drawn out of their hands 'in a surprising manner,' and carried abroad as before, Mrs. Loftin, poor ghost, all the while beseeching him to prosecute the author of her death. It is stated that the people heard, not only Donelson's replies, but her voice, though they saw no shape. After this manifestation, the ghost-woman, very rightfully, had her will, insomuch that the guilty party 'hardly escaped with his life, but was burnt in the hand.'

The Dowager Lady Donegal told Baxter a kindred story about a ghost correcting somebody's criminal alteration in the terms of a lease. Here, again, the ghost applied to an outsider, who, asking what he had done to be molested, and what the lease was to him that he should meddle in other people's affairs, received the overbearing reply, 'Thou art a man fit for it, and thou shalt have no rest till thou do it.' Ghosts have no manners.

But the spectres with a purpose are dull. Perhaps custom has staled them. At any rate the Psychical Researcher's type of ghost, who wants nothing, reveals nothing, and proves nothing, is more in accordance with the imaginative tendencies of the present age.

There is, however, a cautionary *lutin* among these *reliquiæ Baxteriæ* that should be held as valuable as it was rare. A person

of quality in London was haunted thus. Whenever, after a cup too much overnight, he had slept himself sober again, there came such a knocking at the head of his bed, 'as if one knock'd on a wainscot.' (!) It was no use to move the bed, for the knocking followed, besides loud noises all round. His friends would hold his hands, but the knocks went on just the same, and his wife told Baxter she had seen his shoes rise from under the bed without anything visible touching them. 'It poseth me to think,' comments Baxter, 'what kind of spirit this is.' Some people might think it a guardian angel. Sad to say, it could not rap the person of quality into abjuring strong waters. Perhaps, after due probation, it gave him up, and started upon some less resolved tippler. Under the Merry Monarch it need never have been out of an engagement.

A man well known to a friend of Baxter's woke up one night and saw a troop of luminous dancers enter his room, which seemed, meanwhile, 'far lighter and wider than formerly.' After dancing, 'they did seem to eat bread and cheese about a kind of a tick upon the ground.' They made smiling signs as though to offer him a share of their regale, but he called on God to bless him, and made no response. At last they disappeared, with no offence given or received. Baxter and his informant regard this fairy tale as 'copious satisfaction of spirits, than which there cannot be greater convincements against atheism.'

Someone else pitches a yarn about a spirit of Scottish extraction who was anything but a domestic treasure. At times it would make every lock in the house fly open, at other times the distracted family would find their clothes, which they had folded away in trunks and chests, 'in the morning hanging about the walls.' Once, the best table-linen was taken out, napkins and all, 'yea, and liquor in their cups,' as though company had been entertained.

'There must be contrivance here,' exclaimed Everard in *Woodstock*—a view which does not seem to have occurred to this obtuse household. And still the rumbling that went on was extraordinary, and nothing had the slightest effect upon it but family prayers, though, while *they* lasted, it was converted into a gentle knocking, 'like the modest knock of a finger.' One evening a maid of the house, who had got over her fears, took the half cannon ball, on which the family broke its 'great coals,' from the chimney corner to bed with her, telling her fellow-servant that if the devil troubled them that night she would brain him.

Presently, the house-fiend becoming as exuberant as ever, the maid heaved the half cannon ball, 'as she thought, on the floor.' *It was never more seen.* Scandalised by this mystery, and possibly annoyed at losing their coal-breaker (for which the Enemy of Souls must have had uses), the family next day turned the girl away 'for meddling.' Here, as in other strange tales, one seems to detect a point at which somebody or other, after the manner of Huck Finn, 'starts in to scallop the facts.'

It is comparatively rarely that the Author of Evil himself appears. When he does, usually it is a dog or hound (of the Baskerville breed), with terrible eyes, who goes for people's throats. A libertine of Colchester, who survived this visitation, was afterwards 'never quiet in his mind till he got into good society.' Even there, Beelzebub occasionally tormented him, 'as a fly or a flea.'

Many of Baxter's spirits do not rise above the level of teasing brownies, and their manifestations closely resemble those vouched for at mid-Victorian *séances*—rappings, whistlings, displacements of furniture, levitations, and the whole bag of tricks. Houses are infested with goblins who thump, throw stones, and play—literally—the deuce with the crockery. Groanings and 'gruntlings like a hog' are heard, also 'lowd, hellish shrieks.' A gentleman finds he has been lifted by supernatural means clean out of bed, and deposited on the floor, with the upper bed-clothes still over him, but nothing at all under him, 'by which he got an extream Cold.' In a house in Lambeth, the spirit ('a Spirit, yet a Woman too'?) calls up the maid to lay the beef to the fire. In a Rutland rectory, a tobacco pipe moves from one spot to another, 'without a wish.' This seems trivial, but Baxter was of Wildrake's opinion that the devil must have been in the dance. Nothing, indeed, is beneath his notice, and his particularities outdo Defoe's over Mrs. Veal.

It is only fair to say that Baxter's personal experience of the supernatural was meagre, and scarcely ranged beyond remarkable providences. As he says of himself, he was by nature 'no crazy nor imaginative enthusiast.' The fact is the more striking that a man of his breadth of mind should have been so incrusted by sectarian prejudice as to accept, for example, the Oundle well, which, 'about the Scots coming into England,' drummed 'like any drum beating a march,' while rejecting the Glastonbury Thorn as a superstition, and one to be discouraged on the same grounds as mincepies.

Had Baxter only believed in wraiths and *revenants*, it would have been well. The darker colour of his seventeenth-century Presbyterianism comes out in his approval of the atrocities of witch-finding. This is the same Puritan who counts the sight of the doom of sinners among the future joys of saints, not the truer Richard Baxter, who would have us 'suspend our judgment of uncertainties, and take great, necessary, certain things for the food of our faith and the measure of our communion.'

FLORENCE MARY PARSONS.

A Friend of Nelson.

By Horace G. Hutchinson.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT that date there was not a home in England that would not have fluttered from housetop to basement with the prospect of receiving the great Nelson as its guest, and my Aunt Dorset was by no means one to be insensible of the honour that the near future had in store for her. I had myself been witness of the enthusiasm that greeted every appearance of the Admiral in London, and our drive from Merton, as we approached the more populous region of the town, had been greeted by something like a long-continued ovation. And while my Aunt Dorset was planning with minutest care every detail that she deemed might add to the content of this greatest and yet most simple of men, who could be so well content with a hammock and a ship's cuddy, I, as his cicerone through the woods, had planned the itinerary that should include the finest specimens of the oak and the most promising plantations for his inspection. From all this pleasant work and forecast I was suddenly summoned by a most urgent missive from Madame d'Estourville at Brighton, conveyed, as fast as his horse's speed could carry it, by a trusty servant of the Lady Anne Murray. The man was brought to me but just arrived as I was returning from one of my tours of inspection through the woods, and handed me a sealed letter, which he had been strictly enjoined to entrust to no one's keeping but my own. The letter, whose very brevity marked its urgency, ran :

'Come at once. I have urgent need of your help. Meet me at Star Inn, Lewes. Inquire there for Mrs. Elliot. 'H. d'E.'

That was the whole—no message of affection, such as two former letters received from her had not failed to contain, no

hint as to the nature of the help in need of which she stood. Yet I doubted not that it had to do with the rascal De Marigny—that the moment had arrived in which I was to lay my hand on him in a just vengeance.

'Madame d'Estourville was well when you left Brighton? I asked the servant.

'Her ladyship was well to all appearances,' was the man's answer—so far satisfactory. I bade him repair to the servants' hall to make amends for the speed at which evidently he had ridden, and prepared with all despatch to be on the road myself.

'At the Star Inn, Lewes?' I thought, as I made my brief arrangements—'to save time, no doubt, by meeting me halfway. She has a head for everything.' After a few vague words of explanation and farewell to my mother, who, I fear, shed a tear or two at this abrupt and unexpected departure, I was quickly on horseback, mounting the Forest Ridge, whence I should soon descend on the sleepy old town of Lewes. The sun was setting with a glorious glow, flooding the magnificent landscape with a golden light, inexpressibly beautiful; so that, full as my mind was of fears and expectation, the beauty of the land could not but arrest my gratified attention as I rode. I took a road that led me into Maresfield, with Wych Cross lying on my right, and, reaching this village about sundown, it was full dark by the time I made out the lights of Lewes. Riding slowly through the street, to avoid attracting undue notice, I pulled rein at the door of the Star hostelry. In a trice I had given my smoking horse to an ostler's charge, and, ordering a private room, handed a note to a servant with a request that it should be taken to Mrs. Elliot, whom I understood to occupy a room in the hotel.

The situation was one of some delicacy. Even under the pseudonym that she had taken there was risk to the reputation of a young and beautiful woman in meeting a man at a country posting-house. It could, I knew, be only a case of pressing necessity that would induce Hortense to take this course. I was glad to see that she was attended by her tiring-woman—a person of discreet age—when I opened my door in answer to a knock and found her awaiting me without. I pressed her dear hand fervently, but this was not the time nor the opportunity for a warmer greeting.

'Dearest,' she whispered, enchantingly; then added in a louder voice: 'We can have our little talk in the public room. I have sent to see that no one is there. It is larger.' So saying

she passed on down the very finely carved old oak staircase. For the moment I did not seize the significance of the size of the room; but so soon as we had entered it became apparent to me, for she ordered her tiring-woman to take a seat beside the door, while she led the way to the farther end before seating herself, and motioning me to do the same. By this wise disposition she avoided all occasion for evil tongues to wag, owing to the saving grace of the waiting-woman's presence, while at the same time we were as much alone for the purposes of conversation in moderate tones as though the woman had remained at Brighton.

'Well,' I said, as we sat down and Hortense paused a moment to put her thoughts in order.

'Well,' she echoed, under the spur of my ejaculation, 'I have found the purpose for which my dear cousin, Henri de Marigny, is in England.'

'So I supposed,' I said, 'when you sent for me.'

'He is the head, the chief actor, in a plot to assassinate Lord Nelson.'

'What!' I almost yelled in my excitement and indignation. 'Him! the greatest man in all England!'

She laid her restraining hand on my arm. 'Quietly, my friend, if you please. Remember, we are not quite alone, and hotel walls may have ears.'

'You are right—of course you are right,' I said; 'but still the thing is so monstrous, so incredible—such a man as Lord Nelson!'

'Exactly so, my friend; and if he were not such a man as Lord Nelson he would not be worth the trouble and risk of assassinating.'

'I see that,' I said; 'yes, I see that. But, still, who would dare—— Is it his own idea, do you think?'

'I think—indeed, I am sure—I know from whom the idea originated. It is the excellent, the pleasant, the honourable idea of the man who calls himself Emperor of the French.'

'Of him?' I cried. 'Of Buonaparte? Oh, no, no. Surely it cannot be possible!

'It may not seem possible, my friend,' said she, with conviction. Nevertheless it is true, quite true. I have every reason to believe it true.'

I may as well say now as by-and-by, that the information in this particular came, as I learned, from a very tainted source. At the moment I was very little inclined to believe it. Nevertheless,

later events disposed me rather to her belief again; the chief perhaps being the tolerably convincing proof that Napoleon was cognisant, several years later, of the attempt that was to be made to assassinate the Duke of Wellington in Paris, and the legacy that he bequeathed by will to the would-be assassin. If he could thus approve of the murder of the great soldier *in time of peace*, how much more likely that he might sanction the assassination of the great seaman *when a state of war was declared!* Evidently the disposition of Napoleon gives no guarantee whatever that the latter—far the lighter—guilt may not be laid to his charge.

'But how do you know all this?' I persisted in answer.

'I know it,' she said, 'by his correspondence—by what I have read; and also by what I have overheard. You will hate me, I daresay (often I have cordially despised myself) for my confession, but I have read his letters as I have had the chance (I have had to meet guile with guile; and you will remember that this is my husband's murderer). And I have been aided by his own servant—that has been my best and most lucky chance. Henri had made this man his enemy. Ah, my friend, you do not know what this Henri can be—he, with his nice manners, his smiling face. You have not seen. He can be rough, he can be cruel. Yes, he can be cruel, rather than rough. It is not that he speaks roughly to a servant, but with a sneer, with a smiling jibe—ah, far more hurting than any temper. It is so the devil would find fault with his lesser spirits who disobeyed.'

How this woman could hate! The thought caused a shudder in me; and then I thought that if she could so hate, so too could she love; and at that thought I glowed again.

'Tell me the details,' I said, hungrily—'the when and the where of this assassination?'

'Ah,' she answered, 'the details! That is just what I do not know—the when and where; it is that for which I need your help.'

'How much, then, do you know?'

'This only—that the attempt is to be made on Lord Nelson's life on the occasion of a visit that he is shortly to make somewhere in this county. So much I know, but so much only. More exactly I cannot tell you.'

'But I can,' I said, eagerly. 'Ah, I can tell you. This visit is to my own home—to my Aunt Dorset, at Buckhurst.'

'Good—good!' she cried. 'I fancied you might know, seeing

that you wrote me you were about to see his Lordship. That is the where; now for the when?'

'The when I can tell you too. It is fixed for Monday next, the second.'

'The second; and this is the twenty-eighth. Then there will be the twenty-ninth, thirtieth—how many days in August?—ah, yes, thirty-first; then one, two—let me see,' checking them off on her delicate fingers and relapsing into her mother-tongue in her excitement, '*un, deux, trois, quatre*—four days clear. Ah, that should do.'

'That should do,' I echoed, 'if only we knew for what.'

'For what?' she repeated with impatience. 'For but one thing that there is to do—to warn Lord Nelson of his peril, to inform him that this promised visit must not take place.'

But I had to shake my head more than doubtfully.

'Madame,' I said, 'with all respect for your wit, which I know to be brighter a thousand times than mine, I do not think that this can be. It is not, in my judgment, to be done. You see you have every advantage in the world over me save one: I know Lord Nelson—you do not. With the knowledge that I have of his Lordship's character I have every certainty that to warn him of the peril he is about to encounter would be the last way in life to make him change his dispositions. It would, on the contrary, but confirm him in them.'

'Ah, well!'—she shrugged her shoulders as if she gave the matter up as too hard for her comprehension. 'And that is what it is to be an Englishman!'

'Say rather that is what it is to be a Nelson.'

'Well, have it as you will. What proposal do you make, then? Have you another in place of this of mine that you reject?'

I rose and paced the room a step or two before I answered. Then I came back and said, 'Yes, I have.'

'Well?'

'Well, the point of the business is this—in the first place, to save Lord Nelson. That is, of course, the first matter. But there is a second. There is but one way to set him free of that dastard crew of assassinators—to take them, to take them red-handed, in the act. What other security that at some more convenient time they will not repeat their attempt, if foiled in it this once?'

'True, true,' she said, 'most true. But will there not be

great risk? You could not imperil Lord Nelson's life, even for such an end as this. His life must be the first thought.'

'And it shall be, madame; I assure you, I vow to you, by that which is most precious and sacred to me in this world. See, madame'—I glanced down the long, dim-lit room, and saw the tiring-woman nodding herself to sleep—'I set my life upon it,' and therewith raised her hand and kissed it fervently, she graciously making no protest.

'Ah, well,' said she, 'my part is done. God knows it has been a part none too creditable—its cajoleries are loathsome to me. But it is done. To you, my friend, my partner in this business, I must assign the next act. Would it may be the final one.'

'Your partner in this and in some greater—in our life-long business, if you please,' said I.

'But the final act has not yet been played. See to it, sir; it is your part to play it. Bravely I do not doubt that you will play it, but you must also play it skilfully, prudently, shielding Lord Nelson from all risk, and——' Then she gave a little sigh that ended almost in a sob, and finished in a whisper, 'Yourself, too, from all peril, *darling*.'

My delight, my ecstasy, at her thought for me, at her fond word, fired me at once with the desire to take her in my arms then and there, regardless of all considerations; but as she spoke she defeated, as if she had foreseen them, all such attempts at foolishness or caresses by rising to her feet and calling aloud to her dozing waiting-woman. Presently she wished me a formal yet gracious 'good-night,' and left the room with her attendant.

'Who could have given the information?' That was the question that I vainly asked myself. As I have noted, no servant was, to the best of my belief, in the room at Merton when we discussed this visit. Yet there was no secret made of it. Lord Nelson might have mentioned his designs in London. In a thousand ways it might have come to the knowledge of a spy. Far more important to determine the part to take, now the dastardly scheme was revealed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THERE was little sleep for me at the Star Hotel that night. I had told Hortense in the public room that I had a plan, but it was but broadly outlined in my mind. The details needed elaboration. Towards morning, as I lay sleepless, I was glad to hear the wind rising. Even in the golden glory of the previous evening there had been some of that faint greenish tinge that always warns a seaman to keep his weather-eye open for the coming storm. No doubt the storm was gathering, I thought, and the notion so comforted me, by putting some of my troubles to rest, that I fell to sleep towards morning with the soughing of the wind hushing me like a lullaby.

In this great perplexity, wherein I found myself placed, I had resolved from the first moment that I would summon to my assistance him who had so gallantly aided me before—the harmonious Skipper of Darby's Cave. That he would help me readily I well knew. A cause such as this, at once to prevent and avenge an attempt on the life of the glorious Nelson, was one that would conjure the best wits and aid of others far less ready and resourceful than this jovial felon of royal blood and bar sinister. Well did I know that a better helper I could not have. The trouble was to find him. The cave of the Belle Tout I knew well as his constant rendezvous, but, for all that, I understood that it was not his home; and where his home might be, where to lay my hand upon him, I could not tell, and sorely wondered. And in the midst of my wondering, in my bed at the old Star Hotel in Lewes, the wind began to rise furiously with the sound of sweetest music in my ears, for I knew that in case of a storm there could be no doubt of the whereabouts of that skipper of a crew of 'honest wreckers and smugglers all,' as he himself described them. He would be on his quarterdeck, looking out for salvage—on that terrace cut in face of the rock where his parsonified figure had loomed out so strangely through the mist on the first occasion of my meeting with him.

That part of my puzzle, therefore, was solved for me when I rose the next morning and found the day one of those on which a south-westerly gale seems to blow grey fluff over the sky eternally out of the Atlantic. No wrecker in Sussex would be absent from his post that day. I was away from Lewes soon after sunrise, leaving a note of *au revoir* for 'Mrs. Elliot' with the servant.

My horse was recovered from his quick-paced little journey of the day before, and climbed the hill to the downs eagerly, snuffing at the salt gale. It was all very well as we went up, but when we arrived there it was not amusing. I might have gone a far more sheltered way, had I but known, but was afraid to get out of my course, so followed the track by which the smuggler and I had come when we were after the Frenchman. If only I had let the man have his way then, all this trouble might have been saved. On the other hand, Madame d'Estourville might in that case never have had occasion to ask my special help and friendship; and on that argument I was very well content that my sense of honour, even to the most dishonourable foe, had prevailed over more practical motives.

In some of the upland valleys, that served as funnels to collect all the breezes, the gale was so strong that it needed persuasion to make my horse face it; but ultimately I found myself at the farmhouse where we had taken horses before; and there I inquired whether anyone could tell me the whereabouts of the Skipper of Darby's Cave, describing him by appearance, which, at least, they knew exceedingly well. One and all about the farm affected the most crass ignorance—had never heard of, much less seen, such a man—although his great black horse, as I found shortly after, was munching oats at that very moment in their stable.

I found my friend, however, very easily without their help, as good luck would have it. The tide happened to serve me, for the time being, for going to the cave on foot. No boat could have lived a moment in the foaming breakers. I found him and his ship's company watching like a happy, but hungry, family of spiders for any ships that the gale might cast into their web. So far they had known but little fortune, the only craft that was driven ashore being one fishing boat, out of which they had saved the life of one man, the rest of the crew being drowned, and no valuables of any note taken—a bad beginning. Therefore, as he himself, the skipper, on the quarterdeck, was the first to see me crunching my way along the beach, he was ready enough to call another to the thankless task of the look-out, while he came down the steps cut in the cliff to meet me.

'Deuce take me, mate,' said he cheerily, 'what make you here?'

'And deuce take me, mate,' I answered in the same tone, 'what makes *he* here?' pointing to the man who had newly come to the look-out. For this new look-out, if you please, was

none other than Reuben Elphick, the 'arrant failure,' who had been commanded to return to his own domestic hearth long since. But it seemed, by what 'Parson Darby' told me, that he declined to do this chiefly because of his fear of my wrath. And, this being so, it was more than a little ridiculous to see the figure that he cut now when he saw me, and thought that I had come down for the express purpose of catching and punishing him. I was very careful not to undeceive him at first in regard to this, resolving that he should feel at least the punishment of a slight terror, if of nothing more distressful. But I had little time to spare over this fellow, and soon turned away to state the business on which I had come to my friend, the leader of the gang. His jolly round face glowed with furious indignation and desire for action as I told my story.

'Did I not warn you,' he said, 'that we should have left the French reptile scotched then and there on our way up Wych Cross Hill, even as we left the other viper?'

'Ay, you said so,' I replied, 'and right glad I am I did not follow that same advice of yours.'

'And why so?' said he. 'Why so?'

'Ah, never mind the "why so,"' I answered. 'However, the reptile needs scotching now, and badly scotching. I have no word to say for him. The worst you may wish to do you have my leave to do, and welcome, now. The only thing is that I would catch him and his accomplices right in the act, red-handed.'

'That is ill to do,' he said—'that is, without a risk. Of course, if we could risk Lord Nelson's life—— But that is not to be thought of.'

'Most certainly,' I said, 'that is not to be thought of.'

'You see,' he continued, 'it is a hard matter—all is so quickly done. It is but a blow—and there is an end. What weapon do you say the knaves will use?'

I fumbled in my pocket. 'Here is paper and lead pencil,' said I, producing an old letter. 'Write on it the weapon you would guess, and I will write my guess on this piece.'

Both scribbled a moment. Then I said:

'What is written on yours?'

'Dagger,' said he. 'And on yours?'

'Dagger,' and he showed it to me, writ in a scholarly hand too. He laughed his great laugh, that was always ready, however grave the case.

'Wise wits steer the same course, mate. What was your argument?'

'Why,' said I, 'the dagger is sure, secret, and silent. And yours?'

'You have put mine in words for me. So there it is. Two votes to none for cold steel. It is the dagger these rascals will wish to use. That makes our task the harder if we are to catch them in the act, as you say. Could you persuade his Lordship to put on a mail coat under his clothes, think you?'

It was an idea, certainly—an idea that struck me as more feasible of execution, no doubt, because I had myself often donned, for fun, one or other of the mail shirts that hang with other ancient armour on the walls of Buckhurst Hall. Lord Nelson was of the same figure as myself, a spare man. He could be fitted with one easily, would he but deign to wear it. But that I doubted, as I told my gallant friend the smuggler.

'I shall, of course,' I said, 'warn his Lordship of the peril wherein he stands, and beg him take this simple precaution; one, too, that will make our task so much the easier. But I know the man, and I doubt.'

'For England's sake he should do it.'

'And so he should,' I agreed heartily, 'and on that plea I will strive to turn him. But as to our part of the business now—whom will you take to aid you?'

'Him first,' said he, jerking his thumb whither Elphick stood, a poor figure, on the cliff terrace.

'Him!' I replied, aghast—'and first! The arrant failure?'

'Well, there,' said he, with a grim humour, 'failure or no, he is the one I pick the first. This job is not so simple. He knows the channels and the shoals of this Ashdown Forest of yours as I know my course to Seaford Bay. And lookee, mate,' he added, with a kind of challenge in his voice, 'we be all something of arrant failures here, and if it be a ship's company of angels that you're seeking, you're out of your course a point or more in coming to Darby's Cave.'

I felt myself justly rebuked, and confessed it, shamefast. 'I am grateful to you,' I added to my apology, 'truly grateful. You are the best judge of the fellows you can depend on. I must leave all that to you.'

Thereon the details soon were settled. He should bring three of those on whom he could place best reliance, Reuben Elphick included. So far as Hortense had understood the plot, it was

designed to employ but two only in its execution besides the conspirator-in-chief, Marigny. With three, therefore, besides the pseudo-Parson Darby—worth any brace of ordinary men to his own account—there should be no question about managing the villains, once they came to terms. The trouble was to catch them in the act, so far and so overtly committed to its execution as to leave no possible doubt of their design; and, that done, they might seek what mercy they could find in Heaven, for they would meet none at the hands of men.

The house of Buckhurst stands high upon a spur, with a glen or ravine, deeply overhung with birches and oaks, running below it on the one side towards the south, a like one running on the other side towards the east. The glens converge, and the house and its amenities are on the wedge of high ground between the two. Up the former of these it was arranged that Reuben should lead the little party of four on the night of September 1—being Sunday—and should form camp at a certain deeply embowered spot, well known to him, not more than three hundred yards or so from the house itself. This glen we chose as the place of rendezvous and means of approach in preference to the other, by reason that it was so closely beset with foliage and so rugged as to be practically inaccessible on horseback. Now our party, so to speak of them, would be a-foot; whereas for the assassins, it was pretty certain they would have horses at hand for their better escape when their deed was finished.

So, these matters settled, I was forced to hurry back, lest the making tide should cut me from the access to Birling Gap and the downs, and was soon once more in the saddle, finding the ride a deal more pleasant with the gale astern than ahead.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE next few days were, I think, the longest and most anxious that my life has known. Twenty times, I should imagine, I went over the itinerary by which I proposed to lead Lord Nelson, studying the thick coverts and the likely places for the conspirators to conceal themselves in the neighbourhood of one specially fine oak grove that could not fail to attract his notice. Here, in my mind's eye, I rehearsed the scene a hundred times. It was hardly ever from my thoughts. Altogether I was most grateful

when the first of the month at length arrived, and I might exchange anxiety for action. Very early in the morning I was down to the glen where I had directed the secret assembly of the smuggler's little company, and, to my great relief, found them punctually at the trysting-place. I repeat, to my relief, for I had been vexing myself with a thousand misgivings: the 'arrant failure' would fail me once again, or some one of the thousand and one events in the chapter of accidents would befall to prevent the carrying out of the scheme as laid. In vain I had vexed myself. The four men were in waiting, two sleeping after their night's tramp—for they had walked a-foot from Uckfield—while two kept watch. They had seen nothing on their way of persons to arouse suspicion. They had brought provisions with them according to arrangement—for I did not wish anyone in the house to know of their coming—and were wanting only the word from me to move.

With my mind relieved upon that score I mounted horse a few hours later, and rode out as far as East Grinstead on the way to London, to meet Lord Nelson on the road. It was my design to tell him—but not until next morning (so that he should pass the night without disturbance)—of the peril that menaced him. Although I knew what his answer would be, I felt it would be but right to warn him of the plot on his life, and beg him take precautions to bring it to no avail. At the least, having told him, the chief of the responsibility would be removed from me. I would put myself as ever at his Lordship's orders.

Hour after hour I stood at the door of the Dorset Arms, the ostler growing weary of holding my horse in readiness, until his Lordship's carriage at length appeared, almost after I had ceased expecting it at all.

'You have been waiting, I fear,' his Lordship said, shaking my hand cordially as the carriage stopped. 'The distracted state of Europe must win your forgiveness for me. Listen to the day that I have had. But first I beg you come in beside me, and let us be driven together. My servant shall mount your horse.' So saying he motioned the man to do in accord with his words.

'There are pistols loaded and primed in the holsters,' I called to the man as he mounted.

Lord Nelson smiled. 'Are you apprehending a boarding expedition?' he asked.

I smiled his question off. In point of fact I had hardly the least apprehension of attack as we went along; but it was well to

be prepared for all hazards. I asked his Lordship what was the condition of public affairs of which he spoke.

'Why, at five o'clock this morning,' said he, 'who should call at Merton but Blackwood, just come on the *Euryalus* into Portsmouth—looked in on his way to London to say that Villeneuve has come into Cadiz with the allied fleets. Depend on it, I shall yet give Mr. Villeneuve a drubbing. So, then, I to London shortly after breakfast, and saw Mr. Pitt and the Naval Lords; and the long and short of it is that I have to hoist my flag again and be off to the Spanish coast within a week—ten days at latest. Mr. Pitt was good enough to speak most handsomely of my services, saying that the country could not do without Nelson in a naval crisis—so on—mighty handsome and flattering. But I had hoped for this winter at least at home; and now there will be no home-coming for me ever again.'

'Ah, my Lord,' I pleaded, 'for the love of Heaven do not say such a thing as that.'

Lord Nelson smiled, but he persisted. 'I have the feeling in my bones. I have the second sight, as the Scotch say. This is going to be my last fight. God grant it be a victory—then I do not care, if it but make our country safe.'

It made me inexpressibly sad to hear him speak in this strain, wherein he continued until we reached the level ground at Forest Row village. There I made excuse to mount my horse again, while the servant resumed his seat in the carriage. At this point, if anywhere on our way, the attempt on Lord Nelson's life might be expected; but nothing transpired except grievous jolting of the chaise in our notorious Sussex ruts, and we arrived in safety at Buckhurst. Here Lord Nelson expressed his regrets to my Aunt Dorset that he could give but one night to this visit to her, by reason of the pressure of public affairs. 'Indeed,' said he, 'had I not passed my word to this young fellow, your nephew here, I think I should have sent your Grace an express excusing myself from your kind hospitality and a sight of your grand oaks until a happier occasion.'

My aunt spoke her regrets in return, but was too happy to have him there at all to say much of the disappointment at losing him so soon; and in a short time we were seated at dinner, where my mother and myself were the only guests, his Lordship having particularly requested that no party might be asked to meet him. My sister would join us in the withdrawing-room in the evening.

It was singularly interesting and charming to see the looks of mingled veneration and curiosity that the servants who waited at table bent upon the great Nelson. Certainly a red-letter day was marked in their lives; and I was just smiling to myself as I noticed the old butler's face, when a remark of my Aunt Dorset's arrested it, half formed, on my lips.

'Two men have been here this afternoon,' she was saying; 'Frenchmen, I make no doubt, by their talk, and speaking English only in a broken fashion, but bearing lace of the very finest I have ever seen. That it has paid no duty they as much as intimated. I have set it aside for your inspection,' she said, turning to me; 'and your Lordship, too, I think'—to Lord Nelson —'would be pleased to see so fine a specimen.'

Lord Nelson bowed, and courteously said he should be happy to examine it, while I asked: 'And where are the men now? Are they gone again, leaving their precious goods?'

'They are here still. They begged a lodging in an outhouse for the night, and I have bid the steward see to their comfort in the bowling-green house. It is a warm night. They will be well there.'

'Well enough,' I said. 'Did they come a-foot?'

'On horse, I am told, though I did not see them. On a horse a-piece and a led one with their pack.'

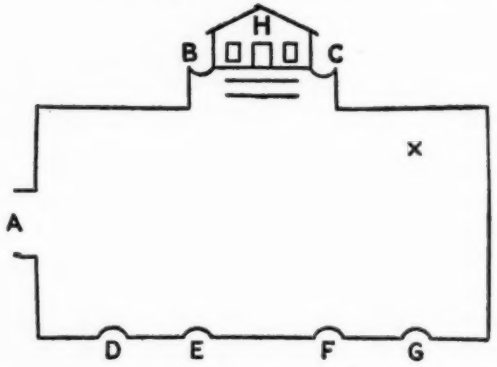
'It must have been a bulky pack of lace,' I observed, 'to need a led horse to carry it.'

'You seem mighty curious about these men,' my aunt said. 'If you want to learn all about them you had better ask the steward, or, better still, go and see them for yourself.'

I turned this off with a laugh, but thought it such remarkably good advice, none the less, that I acted on it almost to the letter. I had not the slightest doubt that these were the would-be murderers of Lord Nelson. The pretext under which they had made their appearance was a good and specious one. It was not so unusual a thing for smuggled goods, under little disguise, to be hawked round in this manner to the houses even of the highest, all deeming it something of a right good jest, and no disloyalty, to cheat the king of his revenues. To the steward, then, I went first, for this purpose—to learn where the fellows had disposed their horses, for it was a point, as I thought, that it greatly behoved us to know. I learned that they had preferred to hobble them and turn them out in the park below—that is, on the eastern side of the bowling-green. It was here, as it

happened, that they would be most readily convenient to the bowling-green house, and also to the road south and to the coast, if the so-called merchants should have occasion to take that road suddenly. Not a doubt was in my mind that these were our villains; and the third horse that they had brought proved to me with convincing clearness that there was with them a third actor in the company, who had not yet put in an appearance with the others.

I had excused myself, and left the table rather before dinner was concluded, that I might see the steward; and, that done, I purposed to myself to carry out the second item in my Aunt Dorset's programme of advice. But before I come to that I would wish to give a very particular description—which I will illustrate by a chart—of the bowling-green and the bowling-green house at



Buckhurst, the more so because the great yew hedges that were its walls and its chief glory are perishing fast of sheer old age, as one may guess, long-lived though the yews are, and in a few years' time it is likely that no trace of the old landmarks and channels will remain. The chart, after all, is not very intricate, and the understanding of it will make much easier the understanding of the events that happened on the bowling-green. It is to be realised that the green was surrounded entirely, with the exception of certain entrance spaces, by one of the most magnificently dense and tall hedges of yew that I have ever seen. It was of quadrangular shape, as shown by the chart. At A a broad path of turf led through the formal garden from the house. The ground on the side of the summer-house or shed, commonly known as the bowling-green house (H) sloped upwards rather steeply, so

that the house stood above the level of the green, and a person of moderate stature at its door could see all that passed on the green. Some turfed steps led from the green up to the house, on either side of which archways, formed through the yews, gave access to the terrace before the door, and to the house itself and to the green. These archways were at the points marked B and C on the chart; and similar archways (D, E, F, and G) on the opposite side gave access to the green from the terraces sloping down to the wilder portion of the grounds and park. For the rest all was enclosed, as in a wall, by the opaque hedge of yew.

CHAPTER XXIX.

So soon as I had seen the steward, after slipping away thus early from the dinner-table, I made my way to the bowling-green by the main entrance, at A. Thence, passing quietly along the hedge opposite the bowling-house, I was able to perceive, by a flood of light that streamed from the open door, what was going forward within, while I myself remained practically invisible against the dark background of the yews. Two men were there, seated before a table, playing cards, with a continual running fire of ejaculations, mostly of the profane nature, in French, at the luck that befell them. I speculated on the whereabouts of the third man, whom I did not doubt to be in waiting, but wasted few moments in my wondering. What I had seen was sufficient for me. I hesitated no longer. I had decided on my course. Time was the one thing precious for carrying out my scheme—time to put it in execution before it should please these rascal gamblers to put their cards away and betake themselves to sleep. Within two minutes I was out of the bowling-green, and away down the slope of the park to the *al fresco* encampment of my friends in the southward glen. In few words I put them into possession of my design. 'Lord Nelson,' I said, 'in all likelihood will take a stroll upon the bowling-green. The ruffians hired for his assassination are in the house upon the green. It is impossible that they should miss so great an opportunity of making their attempt. The time has come to pipe to quarters—the work is now to do.'

Very shortly I apprised them of the facts of the coming of these pseudo-lace-merchants, of the spot where their horses were

hobbled, of my strong suspicion that a third conspirator, who had not yet appeared, was with them.

Therewith I led them silently to that archway in the yew fence that is marked G.

'Here you will wait,' I said, in whispered tones, 'and bide your time till the attack is made. Fear not to let them strike, for the dagger will find a shirt of mail beneath the coat.'

'What!' asked the smuggler, in the same low tones, 'his Lordship has consented?' But not waiting to give him answer I hurried along the soft terrace outside the hedge of the bowling-green to the big house. Arrived there, it took me but a moment to detach from the wall one of the ancient shirts of mail that I had often before donned in sport; in another minute I had slipped off my coat and pulled the supple armour of steel links over my head. Then, in a manner rehearsed before, I pinned the lower part of the right sleeve of the coat across the breast, in imitation of Lord Nelson's mode of wearing it, and, donning my coat again, save for the right arm, which I held closely pressed to my side, was ready to play my part. Weapon I had none, knowing that I should have little chance to use it with my right hand thus confined, and relying with every confidence on my friends in ambush that they would be at the rascals' throats before they had time to recover the shock of finding their first stroke fail. That dagger or short sword would be their weapon it was impossible to doubt. A pistol would noise the alarm too loudly, a bludgeon were too uncertain; and other alternative there was none.

No moon was shining, but the night was peaceful and starlit as I hurried again towards the bowling-green, swiftly as I could, yet keeping whenever possible in the shadow. I entered it once more by the broad path, A; but this time walked along the green not by the side remote from the bowling-shed, but in such manner as to bring me close before that little house, whence still issued the voices of the gamblers as they noted the points or cursed their luck. There is a certain French oath, which I need not write down, that ever recalls very vividly to my mind the intense excitement of that moment as I walked with an assumed indifference upon the soft turf beneath the stars.

Arrived at the foot of the grass steps, and in the full flood of light from the door of the bowling-house, I stood, as if surveying the heavens, in such attitude that the light fell upon my right breast with the coat-sleeve pinned across it. In a few moments the talk within came to a sudden check, informing me that I had

been seen by those within. My purpose in coming to a halt had been effected, and I passed on out of the light into the shadow. I confess that my heart beat quick, though with the protection of the mail I wore there was little or no danger; but the moment of waiting was an anxious one, as every instant I expected to hear stealthy steps on the soft turf behind me. But none came, and I reached the farther edge of the green unmolested. Arrived there I turned, and, reversing my walk, strolled back again past the little house. As I approached I heard voices in a low tone within—tones that hushed to complete silence as I passed the stream of light, again to recommence as I went into the shadow. Then I knew that the dogs were talking to give their courage the spur, discussing, hesitating on their dastard attempt. That they could doubt me for a moment to be the man it was their task to murder I did not for an instant think. The likeness of my figure to Lord Nelson's and the pinned coat-sleeve would have deceived, under that doubtful light, even one who knew him well.

I turned again in my walk and repassed the stream of light, and, casting a glance of inquiry upward, perceived a change in the situation within. A third man—doubtless entered by one of the archways B or C—had joined the other two. Likely he had been the watch while the others played—watching precisely for some such opportunity as that they now seemed to have at their disposal. The voices were more eager now, as if his coming had infused a greater energy into their counsels. I felt that the moment for me was at hand. But not yet, as it appeared, was their courage wrought to the sticking-point. Again, and yet once more, I was allowed to pass the bright-lit channel; but at the last passing the former sound of voices was completely stilled, and I knew that resolve had taken the place of deliberation. Within ten paces of leaving that flood of light I was aware—I felt rather than I heard—soft footsteps on the turf behind me. I did not turn. A moment, and a cruel blow struck me beneath the shoulder-blade—struck, but, thanks to the good rings of steel, good still though a century or two old, maybe—did not penetrate an inch, nor an eighth of one. Wrenching my right arm free, I turned to fight. But there was nothing for me to do. Within the instant, even as the blow was struck, before the cowards had recovered their surprise or the second assassin had got in his stroke, the great smuggler was upon them. For the first man, as he came to him—him who had done nothing save carry a futile dagger in his hand—my friend contented himself with driving him a

blow of a great fist upon his head that knocked him senseless; the second, who had dealt me his ineffective stroke, he spitted with his marling-spike as the cur turned to fly, and the fellow fell, with a short sharp yell, stifled into a gasp.

We stood there under the stars, with these two men lying for dead on the turf before us. And then I laughed. I know, I can remember quite clearly, that I laughed. There was no mirth about it, but I suppose that my feelings must have been excited more than I had known in waiting for those fellows to make their attack on me, and all had happened with such marvellous quickness. To realise that it was over, all over, was so great a revulsion. I suppose that is why I laughed.

At that moment there was a sudden noise of horses plunging and snorting in the direction of the easterly running glen, and I think that acted as a tonic in recalling me to myself.

'There was a third man,' I said. 'Where is he?'

'I told off Rube Elphick,' the smuggler said, 'to go down and be in wait by the horses. I expect he will look after him.'

'A good thought,' I answered. 'The arrant failure! I hope he has given a good account of him.'

An exclamation of horror—almost of terror—from the smuggler caused me to glance towards him sharply.

'Great God!' he exclaimed hoarsely. 'What is this?'

I turned whither he looked, towards the house, and there, coming to us up the entry to the green, I saw the real Lord Nelson, unmistakable, with the short stump of his lost right arm, even by the dim light of the stars. Then I laughed—a laugh of some real mirth this time, as I said to the smuggler:

'What! do you mean you did not know me, man?'

'Ah,' he said, with an expression of immense relief, gazing close into my face. 'It is you, mate, and I thought it was his Lordship,' and then added this, that was little short of a blasphemy, but showed the good fellow's liking for me, nevertheless: 'Man, had I known it was you I would never have waited for the fellow to strike his blow.'

'I thought I heard an owl hoot,' Lord Nelson said pleasantly as he came towards us.

'I fear this was the owl you heard, my Lord,' I said, pointing to the fellow who had been struck through.

'Get lights,' I added, 'and see what is to be done with them.'

One of the men went to the bowling-house for the lights.

'But what means it all?' Lord Nelson asked, much mystified, as he well might be; 'and this?' he added, plucking the coat-sleeve pinned across my breast.

I feared he might take offence at my masquerading his disability in this manner, so led him aside at once and explained all to him quickly and briefly as I could; and then he was good enough to give expression to a gratitude most generous, but far too undeserved and warm for me to venture to write it down. I should hardly like to mention it, save to show how ever ready his Lordship was to recognise and appreciate any service one could do for him.

'In what state are they?' I asked, as we went back to the group on the green, when I had made these explanations to Lord Nelson.

'This murderer is dead,' the smuggler said drily, pointing with his foot to the one he had run through. 'This other I think is only knocked stupid. It is a pity. Shall he be gibbeted now, or wait till he comes to his right senses?'

'What say you, my Lord?' I asked.

'I say nothing, sir. I am a guest here on your ship.'

'And enjoying pleasant hospitality,' I said, with some bitterness. 'But who is this—Elphick? What report have you to make?'

For a man who stands confessed 'an arrant failure' in the naval profession I can conceive no situation less comfortable than that of being face to face with Lord Nelson; and something of this discomfort Reuben Elphick seemed to experience. He was sorely tongue-tied.

'Did you see anything of a third man?' I asked.

'I did,' he said, saluting.

'Where is he?'

He indicated with his thumb the direction of the glen.

'But did you leave him there? Is he——'

'Yes, he be.'

'Dead?'

He nodded.

'You did for him?'

'He did for himself.'

'How? Speak, man, cannot you?'

'He fell off his horse, sir.'

'What! You let him get mounted?'

'He mounted, sir, on the larboard side, and did not see me

that was waiting him to starboard. So as his leg come over the starboard, I took and hoisted it back to larboard, and he fell over—and his neck's broke.'

'You're sure he's dead?'

'He be fully dead, sir; but I did lash him bow and stern as well before I parted company; and then I left him. I did not care for him in company, and that's the truth. It be more cheerful here.'

'Cheerful, no doubt, in a comparative sense, my Lord,' I said to Lord Nelson; for I felt this was but a sorry greeting we had given him at Buckhurst. 'And now, if your Lordship pleases, we will go in, or the ladies may fear something troublesome has happened. You and your company had better house in the bowling house to-night,' I said to the smuggler, 'and if you could dispose of this night's work without leaving traces I'd be the more obliged. You'll doctor the one that met you first when he comes to?'

'Ay—I'll have salves enough for him,' he said in grim irony.

'Take a look at Reuben's friend and tell me (but I am sure—I had a glimpse of him when he talked with the others in the house) if it be not, as I know it is, Marigny. And as for thanks for the work of this night—I cannot tell you—never can.' I wrung his great hard hand with deepest gratitude, and went after Lord Nelson, who was already walking to the house.

The shirt of mail, with a dent in certain of its rings that I still look at now and then, went back to its old place in the hall. I had to manœuvre with my stern to the wall for the rest of that evening, in order to conceal from the company a sore rent in the back of my coat, and later was forced to apply to my mother for brown paper and vinegar to mend a bruise on my own back, which I made feign to have received by stumbling on a tree; but for the rest I do not think any episode so near as this to making history has ever passed so quietly before. Reuben Elphick I had promised, with Lord Nelson's backing, that if he made no chatter about the evening's work his former delinquencies should be forgiven. And to the best of my knowledge he told it not even to his wife, to whom he returned that very night, much to the satisfaction alike of her and me, whom she had plagued so constantly for his absence.

It was but dawn on the morrow when I visited the bowling-green, only to find my friends, whom I had hoped to recompense, already flown. A message they had left for me with Elphick,

that they had taken, by way of pay in full, the three horses, that the previous owners had no longer use for; and further bid him say that the man whose neck was broken was none other than I had supposed—Marigny. But to the day of her demise my Aunt Dorset had by her a roll of fine lace of Flanders, expecting the call of two French lace-merchants who left it on her hands for a night and disappeared without a trace.

CHAPTER XXX.

Now, that is practically the end of this story; but there is another story that then was only about beginning. It is the story, however, of the wedded life of Hortense—the lady whom I had first known as the Comtesse d'Estourville—and myself, and is a very private matter, of no public concern whatever.

Lord Nelson, after a quick walk round to view the oaks of Buckhurst, in the course of which he made some most valuable suggestions, that have since been acted on with great advantage, was forced to return to London at noon of the same day. His Lordship was gracious enough to say that, after what had passed on the previous evening, to which he generously attached a merit on my part far above its due, he would engage his word that I should have a ship in the fleet which he was on the point of starting to command; and, more than that, directed me to say that if Reuben Elphick, or any of the other three engaged in that night's work, should care to serve in any ship under his command, he would see to it that the share they had taken in that good work was of no disservice to them. Upon this kindly hint, that meant much from one so scrupulously mindful of the interest of his subordinates as the great Admiral, all were only too glad to act, with the exception of that irreconcilable outlaw the Skipper of Darby's Cave; and, knowing the last as I did, I could not but think his decision to be a wise one. It is said that, in order to command, a man must first teach himself to obey; and though this I believe to be a maxim absolutely true in its general application, I must confess to deeming my thrice-proved friend of the cave a notable exception. Alike by birthright and by habit, the *rôle* of leader seemed his proper one to play, while the natural infirmity of what old Homer would call his 'over-royal' temper seemed likely to make the paths of

obedience so difficult as well-nigh to be impracticable for him. Under these circumstances his decision appeared almost a proper one, if the term may be applied in such connection, to remain leader of his lawless gang rather than attempt the impossible in the more trodden paths of regular service.

To Brighton I went, but a day or two later than the date of the episodes last related, taking with me my dear mother and sister, to make acquaintance with her whom I now had the immediate expectation of claiming for my wife. It needs not that I should dwell on the delight of that mutual introduction, nor on the affection of Hortense, which she now gave me without any reservation.

Public events came crowding on us in quick succession. But the pressure of these events was not altogether disagreeable to me in the necessity of hastening my marriage with Hortense before the 12th of the current month, on which early date I had to join Lord Nelson on board the *Victory* at Portsmouth. Thence we sailed, amid the splendid ovations that greeted his Lordship's departure, at an early hour on the 13th. At Portsmouth I had the happiness of making my wife acquainted with the hero whose life she, in all human likelihood, had saved, and thus had no little share in winning for England the glorious, but all too costly, victory of Trafalgar. It was a service that his Lordship had already recognised, in the midst of all his duties and the press of his departure, by a more than handsome gift on the occasion of our marriage; and on my introduction of my wife he spoke most gracious words of gratitude, and often delighted me on the voyage out by reference to her charm of manner, her grace and beauty.

I have none of the subtle wit to be able to claim an understanding of that most complex of all subjects of study, human character, but must needs have been dense indeed had I failed to appreciate the marvellous change that passed over my wife's whole character so soon as the knowledge came to her that her life was to be overshadowed no more by the dread of her scoundrel cousin and his dastardly machinations. The fixed idea of obtaining vengeance for the wrong she had suffered in her first husband's murder, that had possessed, and in some measure warped, her sweet nature during the first years of womanhood, had been dispelled, and the true beauty of her disposition became apparent to all who met her. No longer had she that air of pride, reserve and mystery that had earned her the name of 'The Fair Enigma.'

No longer was she enigmatic, but on all alike her natural sweetness and kindliness beamed forth from a pure and simple soul.

Two mysteries in all this history, and, I think, two only, remain for me to this day unsolved. The first, the identity and parentage of him whom I have ever to think of as my most gallant and true friend, the Skipper of the Cave. It is a mystery that I might perhaps, had I been greatly curious in matters not of my own concern, have solved; but a certain loyalty towards him who had so well deserved it of me deterred me from endeavouring to probe a secret which evidently he did not wish revealed.

The second mystery is one that does, perhaps, concern me closely, yet one that I am fully content to leave unsolved, even as I believe it to be, by the most perspicuous ingenuity, insoluble—the reason that could induce a woman of the manifold gifts and graces of my wife to allow her heart to be held captive by a simple seaman like myself. It is a mystery that I am convinced will be fully shared by all who chance to read this plain narrative of certain singular events that history has not yet made its own, and they must be content, with me, to leave it, as it is and must be, a mystery still.

I took my own humble part in the great yet lamentable battle of Trafalgar, not on Lord Nelson's ship, but in a small independent command, to which he transferred me as soon as we reached the coast of Spain. Reuben Elphick, 'the arrant failure,' served with me as my boatswain, and in course of long service certainly lived down his self-dubbed name, for I can recall no further instance on his part of conspicuous failure, while I am aware of more than one of his acts that were marked by very conspicuous resource and bravery.

THE END.

At the Sign of the Ship.

SHACON again!—Bacon as the author of Shakspeare's plays—has broken out in two places. First, Mrs. Gallup, the decipherer of Bacon's secret history, as set forth by him in a cypher that permeates Elizabethan and Jacobean literature, has replied to her critics in *The Pall Mall Magazine* for May. I was perhaps her earliest English critic, but then I had nothing to say about the cypher. Mr. Sidney Lee can find no trace of its real existence in the First Folio, nor Mr. Holt Schooling elsewhere. However, Mrs. Gallup perseveres in maintaining that it exists. She seems honestly convinced in her own mind. If it needs 'a kind of inspiration' to read the cypher (as she has written), that only means (apparently) the skill derived from practice, as when a philosopher of Golf says that 'putting is an inspiration.' With the cypher I have nothing to do, not being an expert. I have only maintained that, if Bacon wrote the alleged contents of the cypher, Bacon was mad. A lawyer, anxious to impress posterity with the belief that he was the born heir of the Crown, Bacon never gives a date, not to speak of a proof. He was ignorant, as I have proved, and Mr. Rait has added other proofs, of the facts of the history of his own age. One proof especially I have advanced, in a brief reply to Mrs. Gallup, indited for *The Pall Mall Magazine*, to which the curious may refer. It is the written statement, in the hand of Sir William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, as to the date of the birth of his son Robert (later Lord Salisbury). That date alone, if there were nothing else, destroys the whole system of Mrs. Gallup, who has been misled by erroneous works of reference, such as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But Bacon did not read the Encyclopædia!

* * *

All this, with more, I have answered unto Mrs. Gallup in the magazine which contained her defence. It is impossible for me

even to frame an hypothesis as to how this lady (who expresses herself with every appearance of candour, and with some self-restraint) has been so strangely misled. Very little research would have proved to her that Bacon would not, if sane, have made the gross blunders as to the persons and facts of his own age, in which the 'cypher' abounds. But Mrs. Gallup appears to have relied on popular works of reference, and so was incapable of detecting errors conspicuous to the humblest historical student.

* * *

In regard to Bacon's claim (in the cypher) to be the elder, while Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was the younger, of two sons born in wedlock to Lord Robert Dudley (Leicester) and Queen Elizabeth, I have information of interest to Mrs. Gallup and her friends. There was a third son, Arthur! For his existence we have not to hunt in the cypher written, under innumerable mental delusions, by the unhappy Verulam. We have Prince Arthur's own statement, on truly satisfactory authority, written while Leicester and Elizabeth were both alive, and annotated by the hand of Philip of Spain. Here let us remark that Prince Arthur was not mad, like Bacon. Bacon (in the cypher) names himself Tudor, or Tidder, as if the son of a lawful marriage took his mother's name. Prince Arthur, on the other hand, being sane, called himself Dudley; he bore his father's surname.

* * *

It was on June 17, 1587, that Sir Francis Englefield, an English Catholic at the Court of Philip, wrote to that monarch a report of Prince Arthur's case. Queen Elizabeth had an intimate friend in Catherine Ashley, a lady who had been her governess. This lady, at a date not given, summoned to her at Hampton Court a servant of hers named Robert Southern. Here another of the Queen's ladies, Lady Harrington, bade Southern bring a nurse for one who 'had been careless of her honour.' Next morning 'in a corridor leading to the Queen's private chamber,' a male baby, named Arthur, was handed over to Southern. He had it nursed by the wife of 'a miller of Molesey,' and, later, took the boy into his own family. Some years later Southern rode with the boy to London, 'where he had him brought up with great care and delicacy, whilst his own wife and children were left in the village.'

* * *

When Arthur was eight, Southern received a post in the Queen's house of Enfield, under John Ashley, husband of Catherine Ashley, Elizabeth's old governess. Here Arthur received the education of a gentleman, till, at the age of fifteen, he desired to see foreign lands, annexed a small sum of money of Southern's, and ran away. While at a house of a brother of 'the late Earl of Essex,' he was found by a messenger, armed with a warrant signed by seven of the Privy Council—no less! This letter is in the hands of George Devereux, brother of the late Earl of Essex, at Llanfear Castle, and has been read by two magistrates, Jones and Ap Morgan, of Pembroke.

* * *

Prince Arthur was taken back to town, and he soon joined Colonel de la Noue, in the service of the Dutch, with whom he remained till La Noue was taken prisoner by the Spanish (May 5, 1580). Suppose Prince Arthur to be eighteen in 1580, he would be born in 1562, and thus two years younger than Francis Bacon, Tudor, or Tidder, but older than Essex. Bacon, in the cypher, says nothing about his brother Arthur.

* * *

After remaining three years in France, Arthur was recalled to England in 1583 by Robert Southern, who promised that he should hear of 'something to his advantage.' Southern was very ill; he told Arthur that *he* was not his father, more he would not say, 'both their lives depended on it'—on the secret. Arthur went off in a rage, Southern recalled him, and told him that he was 'the son of the Earl of Leicester and the Queen.' Arthur rode to London and told John Ashley, 'and a gentleman named Drury' (Sir William, long Governor of Berwick?) that he knew all. They were much alarmed, but would serve him at Court if they could. Arthur himself, in terror, fled to France, and sought the Rector of a Jesuit College, who advised him to see the Duc de Guise. This Arthur deemed imprudent; he returned to England, sent a letter to the Earl of Leicester, and was received by his equerry, Blount, and Flood, his secretary. At Greenwich, in his chamber, Leicester welcomed and wept over the long-lost Prince, his son. Arthur received a letter of introduction to Walsingham, but deemed it best to slip off quietly, as a soldier, to the Low Countries. After many adventures, he was shipwrecked and taken by the Spaniards, on the Biscay coast. They carried him to

Madrid, and he told all his tale to Englefield, who reported to Philip. Arthur offered 'to publish a book to any effect that might be considered desirable.' He suggested that James VI. might as well be assassinated, and laughed at the claim of the Earl of Huntingdon to the English succession. Englefield (June 22) adds that 'it is manifest that he' (Arthur Dudley) 'has had many conferences with the Earl of Leicester, upon whom he mainly depends for the fulfilment of his hopes. This, and other things, convince me that the Queen of England is not ignorant of his pretensions.' Apparently Dudley did not know that Elizabeth and Leicester were *married*. Bacon (in Mrs. Gallup) says that they were married twice, but does not fix the date as after the death of Leicester's wife, Amy Robsart, before which, of course, no marriage would have been legal. Englefield speaks of Elizabeth's 'personal immorality,' and of Prince Arthur as 'a bastard.' Prince Arthur, however, declared that Elizabeth had arranged for his succession to the Crown, and, perhaps, for his marriage to Lady Arabella Stuart. Had Bacon known this, he would have seen that Elizabeth and Leicester overlooked *him* in favour of Arthur.

* * *

Philip notes, in Englefield's letter, 'it will certainly be safest to make sure of Dudley's person until we know more about it.' We do not know any more about it, and an impenetrable cloud hangs over the later fortunes of Prince Arthur Dudley. The documents are published by Major Martin Hume.[1] Like his elder brother Francis Tudor (or Bacon, or Tidder), Prince Arthur has not a scrap of documentary evidence for his tale. But, unlike Bacon, Arthur was relatively sane. I do not remember that Bacon, in the cypher, ever hints at his rivalry with James VI. before his accession to the English Crown in 1603, or at the Huntingdon claim, or at that of Philip of Spain. Arthur, on the other hand, wants James to be murdered in 1587, because, he argues justly, if it was fair to kill Queen Mary (by Leicester's desire), it is just as fair to kill her son. Now, here Bacon really shines, for (in the cypher) he is a friend of Queen Mary, and even writes a tragedy about her fate. Major Martin Hume's Calendar, by the way, either clears up or adds a new bewildering complexity to the darkest police case in history, the Gowrie conspiracy.

* * *

[1] *Calendar of Spanish State Papers*, vol. iv., pp. 101–112, 1587–1603.

More important than Mrs. Gallup is His Honour Judge Webb, in his *Mystery of William Shakespeare.*[1] His Honour is Regius Professor of Laws in the University of Dublin. He says (p. 3), 'Judge Holmes, Mr. Donnelly, and Mr. Reed have received but scant consideration from the accredited organs of public opinion on this side of the Atlantic.' What have they received on the other side? What has Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the most learned living authority, perhaps, to say to these 'distinguished writers'? Mr. Donnelly alleged, unless memory misleads me, that Saxo Grammaticus wrote in Danish, and the so-called Dares Phrygius—in Greek! Mr. Holmes blundered right and left, in Greek, and in English facts; Mr. Reed I know nothing of: the two others are not worth reckoning with in this matter.

* * *

Judge Webb did not know Shakspeare. Ben Jonson did. What Ben said of his scholarship we know: Judge Webb, on the other hand, says 'the scholarship of Shakespeare is obvious on the very surface of his writings.' *Distinguo!* The general information of Shakspeare is obvious: 'scholarship' he had none—only a little Latin. He is full of mythology, Judge Webb notes, but all English literature of his day simply exuded ancient mythology, and ancient lore in general. It was accessible, as far as Shakspeare had it, to every reader of English sermons: and prefaces to Last Dying Speeches, and common talk, not to speak of books, bubbled with the myths of antiquity. If Shakspeare wanted Pliny, his 'Natural History,' he did not need to consult the original—the fantastic legends of Pliny were accessible, not only in two Italian translations, but crying aloud in the streets of Euphuism. As for Herodotus on Rhodope, that was accessible in B. R.'s translation of Herodotus (1584). *The Return from Parnassus* (1601) expressly distinguishes Shakspeare from scholars, by satirical praise. If I understand Judge Webb (pp. 108, 114), he thinks that the *Return* only speaks of Shakspeare as an *actor*. No man of letters of the period, says Judge Webb, 'can be adduced as attesting the responsibility of the Player for the works which are associated with his name.' The editor of the *Return*, Dr. Macray, writes, 'The quotations with which Gullio interlards his discourse, and which he appropriates as his own, the respect with which he speaks of the poet as "Mr. Shakspeare,"

[1] Longmans.

his declaration that he will have his picture in his study, and keep his *Venus and Adonis* under his pillow, and the preference which he gives at once to lines that profess to imitate Shakspeare before those which imitate Chaucer and Spenser, are all proofs of the popularity which had already been won,' *among the unscholarly.* When Gullio threatens to be poetical, Ingenioso says, 'We shall have nothing but pure Shakspeare, and shreds of poetry that he hath gathered at the theatres.' Presently one of these comes out. Gullio says that 'Anthonie's Cleopatra is a black-browed milkmaid' (to his mistress), 'Hellen a dowdie.' Ingenioso exclaims, 'Mark! *Romeo and Juliet!* O monstrous theft!' Gullio is doing what Ingenioso had expected, stealing 'pure Shakspeare': Mercutio's 'Dido, a dowdy: Cleopatra a Gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots.' Gullio next asks Ingenioso for verses, 'in two or three divers vayns, in Chaucer's, Gower's, and Spencer's (*sic*) and *Mr.* Shakspeare's.' 'Let this duncified world esteem of Spencer and Chaucer, I'll worship sweete Mr. Shakspeare. . . .' If all this does not prove that University wits, the authors of *The Return,* mocked at the unscholarly pretender who doted on Mr. Shakspeare, both as author of *Romeo and Juliet,* and of other poems, especially *Venus and Adonis,* I do not know what proof is. As to Ben Jonson, when he said that he honoured the dead Shakspeare 'on this side of idolatry,' and that '*I loved the man,*' he was thinking—of Bacon! You see he says of Bacon, 'I reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself,' and, as he reverenced two men, and praised both, both were the same man. This appears to me to be Judge Webb's theory of Jonson's attitude to the 'Sweet Swan of Avon,' as he called Shakspeare. What had Bacon to do with Avon? But then it is argued, what had Shakspeare? He was dead, he could not haunt Avon any longer. Could'st thou 'yet appear!' says Ben, and Judge Webb actually writes, 'No poet that ever lived would be mad enough to talk of a swan as *yet* appearing . . . after it was dead' (p. 134). Why, anybody, without being mad, might express a wish that anyone who was dead 'might yet appear.'

'Oh for one hour of that Dundee!' cried Glengarry, in 1715, and Wordsworth, about a century later. Glengarry was neither a poet nor mad; Wordsworth, though not mad, was a poet. Both wished that Dundee might 'yet appear' to beat Argyle and Bonaparte! Judge Webb argues like the Scottish gentlemen who were present when Charles Lamb wished

that, not the sons of Burns, but Burns himself, was to join them. They assured Lamb that this could not be, for Burns was dead. Jonson distinctly says that Shakspeare was dead. Now Bacon was alive when Ben wrote his famous verses. Thus it is awkward for Judge Webb that Ben distinctly says that the author of the First Folio of Shakspeare's plays is dead and gone, while Bacon was alive. How does Mr. Webb get round this awkwardness? Thus: 'Surely Jonson must have regarded Shakespeare as still living' (in Bacon) 'when he exclaims:

> 'Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
> Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping Stage,
> Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
> And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.'

This verse 'surely' 'shows that Jonson must have regarded Shakspeare as still living.' Mr. Webb means that Jonson regarded the author of the plays (Bacon) as still living, for Shakspeare was undeniably defunct. Now the verse, of course, in the classical way, regards the dead Shakspeare as a 'star.' He is, as a star, to 'rage' (like Sirius), and 'rain *influence*.' There is no other light for the stage, except 'the volume' of the dead poet. But the verse shows, Judge Webb suggests, that Jonson did not think that the poet was dead at all! Mr. Webb is a Judge: I must apologise for a sort of contempt of court. Still, I may be permitted to dissent from, and marvel at, the kind of arguments which influence His Honour when off the Bench.

* * *

As to some arguments derived from Mrs. Pott concerning formulæ like 'good morrow,' found in a MS. of Bacon's *Promus*, and *not* found (by Mrs. Pott) elsewhere, except in the plays (which are therefore Bacon's), consult 'The French Littelton,' a phrase-book by Claudius Holyband.[1] Here (p. 10) is 'God give you good morrow, Sir.'

'Good morrow, gossip.'

'God give you a good morrow, and a good year.'

'God give you good evening, and good night, and good rest, master.'

[1] Vautrollier, 1584.

'Good even, Sir, I bid you the good night.'

These, and such as these, were, of course, customary salutations, unless Bacon invented them under the name of 'Claudius Holyband,' in 1584.

I can spend no more space on Bacon, but—does Bacon anywhere display—I don't say, the poetical gift (he certainly does not), but the sense of humour which we adore in Shakspeare? Gentle King Jamie fell asleep at the performance of a Masque which Bacon really and indubitably did write, and I do not wonder at it. Judge Webb thinks that there was 'much similarity of nature between' Bacon and King James. This is the hardest thing that has yet been said about Bacon. Happily it is not said of Shakspeare. He, I think, never betrayed Morton or Somerset with a kiss; he never prosecuted to the death a friend and patron—a brother, says Mrs. Gallup.

* * *

Were there no other evidence at all as to Shakspeare and his authorship of the plays, were Francis Meres and others blotted out, *The Return from Parnassus* and Ben Jonson suffice. It is idle to argue that, because Ben and Will once had a literary quarrel, therefore they continued to be enemies, and therefore Ben could not praise Will after Will was flown and changed into a star of song! Literary squabbles are not always eternal. Again *The Return from Parnassus* is an university squib, directed by conceited young scholars against a playwright who is no scholar, a gutter-playwright, Mr. William Shakspeare. *His* learning is not scholarship the university men declare, only tags of second-hand information, of the kind then most widely disseminated in every current form of English printed matter. That was the natural view at the universities, and the view was, so far, correct. Shakspeare was 'a very clayver man,' but Shakspeare, as Ben Jonson frankly asserts, was no scholar. Some modern authors, in our age when many regular writers have not even a third-hand knowledge of the classics, such as then was so common, think Will a scholar. They are mistaken.

* * *

Writing of Essex, in January, I mentioned that I had seen the famous ring which Elizabeth gave him, and which he sent her to

save his life—vainly, for it was intercepted by Lady Nottingham. We all know that story. I have since been informed that another sample of the same ring exists, and was given by Charles I. to Sir John Warren. No doubt there are several other examples. But Mr. Rait says that the whole story is fudge, there was no such ring at all. It was invented by the author of *Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex. A Romance*, published in 1650. Clarendon found out that the legend was apocryphal. But Bacon did not know *that*, and he tells the story of the ring in his famous cypher!

* * *

It is not possible to kill belief, handed down by aunts to nephews and nieces. If anything could eradicate these myths, it is that new quarterly review, *The Ancestor*.[1] How *The Ancestor* can collect all that it contains of rare learning and acute criticism, at the price of five shillings a number; how it can present an aspect so shapely and solid, I cannot guess. It is full of photographs of old portraits and miniatures; those of the Harris and Manners families, for example. 'How is it done, Sairey?' Mrs. Harris asked Mrs. Gamp—by the way, there is no portrait of Mrs. Harris, the most renowned of that name. As to myths, the Grosvenor Myth is analysed. Bend Or, a Grosvenor winner, ought to have been a Scrope horse; it appears that was settled by Richard II. a long while ago. Mr. W. H. B. Bird attacks the question again with all the erudition of a Stubbs. Is it worth while? I own that this tradition scarcely seems to me to be a 'myth.' Under the heading of 'What is Believed,' family legends are torn to tatters. The process is diverting, but as it is futile (for people believe what they want to believe), is it compatible with Christian charity? I am sorry that the claim of 'the Norfolk Stewards' to be akin to the Royal House of Stewart has been exploded. It was pleasant to think, with Lord Hailes, that Oliver Cromwell and Charles I. were cousins, also that oaks are still alive which are mentioned in Domesday Book. Now no particular tree of any species is mentioned in Domesday Book! This is heart-breaking, but we shall still continue to hear of those venerable oaks. The story of the hat of Henry VIII. and the shoes of Anne Boleyn is torn up in a diverting style—they certainly were not conferred on the ancestor of the family which

[1] Constable & Co.

lately lent them to an exhibition of royal portraits and relics. The lute given by Queen Elizabeth to a Tollemache, that follows the hat and shoon of her parents. What about the pearl embroidered necklace that the Queen gave the Maid of Honour who pitched the pancake over the rafter, and caught it deftly in the pan? I give no names, I do not want to put Mr. Horace Round on the track. Then there are the portraits of Queen Mary in youth, that you see in many old Scottish houses. The owners usually say that the Queen gave the portraits to their ancestors. I have seen about half a dozen of them. Alas, they are all late copies of a portrait which is not that of Queen Mary at all, but of quite another lady. Sometimes they bear the date of the copying quite plainly; a date many years after her Majesty's death. None the less the owners persist that they are presents from the hands of 'the fairest and most cruel Queen on earth.' But nothing can be done, *populus vult decipi*. Still, *The Ancestor* is a wonderful bargain, even if its crusade be hopeless.

* * *

Another myth is in its cradle—namely, that Mr. Swinburne published an Ode on 'The Canadian Insurrection' (1867). This occurs in *The Century Magazine* for May, in Mr. Edmund Gosse's article on Mr. Swinburne. The only begetter of the fable is the American compositor. Mr. Gosse, of course, must have written 'the *Candian* Insurrection,' a rising in Crete. It was *I* who wrote the ode on the Canadian Insurrection, or brawl of the Fenians on the frontier of Canada. My ode began thus:

I gave my laurel leaf
To my respected Chief;
I sang, nor 'feared to sing of Ninety-eight';
I said, 'O friends, O Fenians,
Or Morrisites, or Sweenyans,
Great Britain is more terrible than Fate,
And, more than all your spears,
Her mounted "polismen" and cruel Volunteers!'

I did not see why Freedom was only respectable at a distance, or why the efforts of our gallant foes were unworthy of a British lyre. Now Mr. Swinburne, I think, never took that liberal view. He did *not* chant a Canadian insurrection, or applaud the chivalrous methods of Ireland. But American readers, misled by the

American compositor, may think that Mr. Swinburne did. Blessed be the printer! In a line which I quoted from Scott, he introduced,

Love rules the Camp, the Court, the *Grave!*

It was *Grove* that the poet wrote.

ANDREW LANG.

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